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Poetry.

For the Blade.

AFTERWARDS.

BY SARAH E. DOLTON.

He was daintily dressed, with glove and cane,
As he handed her into the fine coupe;
And he seemed like the son of a prince, and fain
To lavish his wealth on his darling May.

The wage of a week was quickly spent:
There was never a thought of "a rainy day."
Upon this alone was the lover-test,
To win for the future his peerless May.

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But a year went by: on a dingy street,
Where ragged children in clusters play,
With a struggle their board and rent to meet,
Lived the ardent youth with his wedded May.

He had spent his money to catch his bird;
No operas now, or hacks to pay.
Sometimes there were tears, and a bitter word;
"I would I were single," said sobbing May.

Cleveland, O.

HAND IN HAND.

The boats go sailing, sailing
Over a silver sea;
The wind has hushed its wailing
Through bush and tree.
Hand in hand, let us fare together,
Through the sunny and windy weather.

The birds have hushed their chorus;
Stars, through the twilight soft,
Will soon be glimmering o'er us—
The moon aloft.
Hand in hand, let us fare together,
Through working days and Sabbath weather.

The little flowers are sleeping,
The sun is out of sight;
God hath us in his keeping
All through the night!
To-morrow let us fare together,
Still onward through the changing weather.

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guiltless are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

Our Story Teller.

For the Blade.

A HALLOWE'EN CHARM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK WARNE'S WOOING."

Alice was seated on the grass under a sumach, her golden hair and fair face, against the Japanese background of its glowing October foliage, making a sweet picture, which it was a pity had no masculine beholders. But there were only we two girls, gathering autumn leaves, and chatting on whatever topic came uppermost. We were old schoolmates and life-long friends. I often thought that I had never felt the want of a sister, for Alice McNeill filled the place perfectly.

"Hazel," said she, as she smoothed out a most brilliant sumach leaf, one half scarlet, the other a rich orange, "do you know that—let me see; to-day is Wednesday—that Friday night is Hallowe'en?"

"I had not thought it was so near," replied I. "Are you anxious to try a true-love charm on that mystic night?"

"Of course I am. Do you know, Hazel, that I have a great many little superstitious beliefs clinging to me? I know that such things are foolish; but I always think of them when a chance opportunity comes. Why, only yesterday I found a horseshoe in the road out at Uncle Billy's, and picked it up to bring home for luck."

"Well, I hope it will fulfill its mission," I rejoined, laughing. "You hung it over your chamber door, of course?"

"N—o," Alice answered. "The fact is, I hung it, on a tree in the lane, intending to get it as we came homeward, but papa was talking to me, and I forgot all about it until we were half way back."

"But what about Hallowe'en?" I persisted. "Are you in doubt which of your numerous admirers truly loves you, that you wish to peer into the future?"

To my amazement, a blush came over her face. "Why, Alice! are you really in earnest? What! a secret, and won't tell me?"

"Now, Hazel, that is too bad!" she replied, the blush deepening on her cheek. "I do believe—just a tiny little bit—in Hallowe'en charms; and I do want to know one thing ever so much!"

I opened my lips to speak, but Alice impulsively sprang to her feet, scattering her leafy treasures all about, and placing one hand over my mouth, she said pleadingly:

"Please, Hazel, don't! I have a little bit of a secret—and it is not all mine, either. I will tell you some day soon—but not now, please, Hazel!"

"Of course I won't tease you, Alice."

"And now let's talk about Friday night," said she, seating herself by me again. "We will invite half a dozen or so friends, and have an old-time Hallowe'en, won't we?"

So we agreed as to whom we should invite, and it was arranged that the Hallowe'en party should take place at my father's house, that Alice should come over early to assist, and spend the night with me.

All the half-dozen invitations were promptly accepted, save one—Fred Elliott, who dropped in the next morning, on his way to the depot, to say that he was obliged to go to the city on business, and would not return until Saturday afternoon.

"And nothing else than business, Miss Marston," said Fred, as he lifted his hat to say good-by, "would prevent me from keeping Hallowe'en with you. Try a charm for me, please!" and he was gone.

Fred Elliott was the only son of a manufacturer in the town, and energetically devoted himself to the business, which would one day be his own; for old Mr. Elliott had often said that he wished to retire as soon as Fred was sufficiently familiar with all the details to assume charge of the works.

Fred was a rather tall, well-made young man, a couple of years older than myself. He was always a welcome addition to any social gathering, for he contributed his full share to any pastime that might be proposed, and I felt regret that his bright face and pleasant voice would be missing on Friday evening. He had been for a short time a schoolmate of Alice and myself, and was a leader in the little coterie of young people we were in the habit of styling "our set."

My father's house was a roomy old structure, on the corner of two streets; and perhaps on this account, as it could be reached by four different ways—counting both ends of both streets—it was the rallying point for our little group, and was generally selected for little informal gatherings like this one.

The evening passed merrily away. We had music and singing; we burned nuts and apple-pips, and tried all the Hallowe'en charms we could remember, with much jesting and laughter. Finally Fred Wood suggested that we mark all the footprints would reveal the initial of the future life partner.

"Where is the mud?" was asked.

"Oh, I've provided enough for all emergencies," answered Fred. "It is in my overcoat pocket." And stepping to the rack in the hall, he returned with several bars of lead in his hand.

"We can melt it on the shovel over the grate," explained Dick, "and Miss Hazel can probably procure a pan of cold water."

"Let me go with you, Hazel," said Alice, following me to the kitchen.

"And what sort of a charrum is it now, anyhow, Miss Hazel?" demanded Katy, the presiding genius of the kitchen, as she proceeded to get us the pan of water. When it was explained to her, she shook her head.

"Shure and there's nothing in such a fool charrum as that, at all, at all! Why don't yez tiry the shpread table? Musha! but there's a charrum that will worruk—if ye can shtand it, and kape from schramin'!"

"Oh, Katy, tell us all about it! I never heard of it before!" exclaimed Alice. "How do you go about it?"

"Aisy as lyin', Miss Alice, honey! Yez shpread a table for a loonch—ixcipt that yez don't nade anything but some cake, or fruit, or some bit to ate, like; and yez turn down a plate for each of yez, wid a knife and forruk—jist before midnight, do yez moind; and thin yez sit shtill, and wait till the clock shtrikes twilve; and if yez is to be married widin the nixt year, jist as the clock shtrikes, in comes the ghost of the man yez will marry, and sits down to his loonch, jist the same as if it was noon!"

"Did you ever try it, Katy?" asked I, laughing.

"Faix, not I! I'd be for schramin', and that would niver do at all, at all! But," and she nodded her head to emphasize the statement, "I've known thim as did, and begorra it kim true, jist as I am tellin' yez! Now, before I kim till America—"

"Oh, Hazel, let's try it!" interrupted Alice. "They will all be gone before that, and there will be the two of us—and we won't be afraid, will we? Katy, will you give us some things to set the table?"

"Shall I come and carry the pan for you?" The interruption came from Dick West, calling in the hall.

"There's Dick!" said Alice. "Will you, Katy?"

"Indade and I will, miss! They'll be here on the dresser for yez!" answered kindly Katy.

With the pan of water we returned to our friends, and the melted lead charm was put in operation, with many a merry laugh at the queer interpretations of the odd shapes of the fragments fished out of the pan of water.

It was 11 o'clock before the gay little party broke up, and our guests departed. Just before they left, I noticed Dick West draw Alice into the hall and whisper to her. Her face was turned from me, but Dick's communication, whatever it was, seemed to have had a magic effect upon her. No sooner were we alone than she gave way to a mad flow of spirits. She waltzed across the floor to me, humming a gay tune, and throwing her arms about me said:

"I'm so happy, Hazel! Haven't we had a pleasant evening? It is the very pleasantest, I believe, I ever spent in my life!"

"Very pleasant indeed. I have enjoyed it very much," I replied.

"You pretty Hazel!" Alice rattled on, as we closed the parlor and entered the bright little sitting-room in its rear. "What did the charms tell you about lovers?"

"Nothing at all. None of them worked in my hands."

"The prince is coming, though, to carry you away to his palace, Hazel! You are too pretty to wait long!"

"Well," rejoined I, laughing, "perhaps Katy's charm will reveal the unknown prince."

"Are you really going to try that?" returned she.

"Try it?" I repeated in surprise. "Why, Alice, you asked Katy to set out whatever we needed! I thought you were very anxious to peer into the unknown?"

"Oh, it won't foretell anything for me, I am sure," she answered, blushing slightly. "But we will try it, of course. I hope it may bring the shadow of the prince for you, sure enough!"

Our preparations were soon made, amid much laughing talk, as is the way of girls the world over. The center table was cleared of books and other articles, a plate of cake and a dish of fruit placed thereon; two plates were turned, each over a knife and fork, according to Katy's directions, and a chair placed before each. Then we sat down by the glowing fire, to pass the few minutes before the hour of midnight.

There was an outer door to the room, opening upon a portico at the side of the house. Alice had laughingly said that if the shadow of a lover entered, he must necessarily come through that, as the front door had been locked after our visitors had departed. An eerie feeling came over me, as the hand of the clock on the mantel neared twelve, and Alice seemed to share it.

"Only two minutes!" whispered she, glancing at the clock. "Hark!"

We both started as the solemn sound of the church clock, two or three blocks away, giving the first stroke of twelve, came to our ears. We sat silent, counting the strokes. Instinctively my eyes sought the outer door.

Just as the twelfth stroke sounded, the knob turned, the door swung open, and Fred Elliott entered!

My brain whirled. I knew Fred Elliott was absent from town, not to return till the next evening. Was the old superstition then true?

A low, shuddering, gasping cry came from Alice, as she sprang wildly toward me. Sinking to her knees, she threw her arms around me and buried her face in my lap. I could feel her violent trembling, and even the rapid beating of her heart.

Even in the uncontrollable fright I felt, I remembered Katy's injunction to keep quiet, and turned my eyes toward the visitor.

His face was pale, and wore a very serious expression. He seated himself at the table, on the first chair, and, without glancing at me, deliberately turned over the plate, and picked up the knife and fork as if to begin the meal.

All the pencil quicker than it can be read. Just then Alice raised her white, scared face from its hiding-place, and glanced fearfully over her shoulder at the apparition. The sight was too much for her. With a smothered shriek she sprang to her feet and dashed through the nearest door into the dining-room.

The instinct of flight was contagious, and I rushed after her, slamming the door after me. Clinging to each other in the darkness, we distinctly heard the outer door of the sitting-room close.

"It is gone!" whispered Alice.

Summoning all my courage, I turned the knob and peeped into the room. Whatever our visitant was, it had departed. The room was empty.

"Was it a trick?" thought I. My courage had returned. I rushed out of doors, closely followed by Alice.

The house, as I said before, stood on the corner of two streets. We ran out on the sidewalk, whence we could look down both. The moon was riding high in the heavens, partly obscured by flecky clouds, and a halo encircling it, foretelling bad weather; but its rays, veiled light was enough to show that the streets were deserted. We returned to the house and barred the door.

"Who was it, Alice?" I asked.

"It was Fred Elliott—himself—himself, as he looked when—when—"

"Just as he looked when he sat down to the table," I finished for her.

"But imagination!" persisted I.

"It was—something," answered she, "for here is this plate turned over, and the knife and fork lying on it!"

No; it was no figment of an overheated imagination, that was certain. It could not have been Fred in his proper person, for he was a hundred miles away. Was the Hallowe'en superstition true?

"You arraigned that seat at the table, Alice; whatever it was, it came to you."

A vivid blush came over Alice's pale face, the first bit of color it had yet shown. She came close to me, putting one arm about my neck, "No, it was not for me, Hazel; I am sure of that."

"How are you sure?"

The blush deepened. "Because—because—I am engaged to Dick West, and we are to be married next June!" and the blushing face was hidden on my bosom.

"Why, Alice! is this true? Is this the secret you promised to tell me?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"I congratulate you most sincerely, dear," said I. "But why was it such a secret?"

"Because Dick had not yet asked papa," she replied, lifting her face. "He did this afternoon, though—after I came here; and, Hazel, papa is willing—and you saw Dick tell me the news just before he left, didn't you?"

"Was that the purport of Dick's whispering? And the secret of your high spirits? You dear girl!" and I bent and kissed her glowing lips.

Long after Alice was asleep I lay wakeful, revolving the question of our mysterious visitant. I had never thought of Fred—or any other man, for that matter—as a lover. He was handsome, pleasant, companionable, unexceptionable in every respect; but the mysterious occurrence compelled me to believe, in spite of myself, that he was to come to woo.

The morning brought with it a steady, chilling rain. Alice was sent home in the carriage, after we had agreed to keep our midnight adventure a secret from every one.

All day my thoughts ran on Fred Elliott. The rain ceased during the afternoon, but it was cloudy and damp, and I remained indoors. Near tea-time I was standing at the parlor window, gazing down the street, when I saw my father and Fred Elliott walking together. Fred bade papa good evening at the door, and passed on, lifting his hat with a smile as he caught sight of me. He carried a small valise.

Returning his bow, I ran quickly into the sitting room, and was seated demurely by the fire as papa entered. Returning his "good evening," I asked, "With whom were you talking at the door, papa?"

"I walked up street with Fred Elliott, dear. He had just returned from Cincinnati," and he went on to relate some incident of Fred's trip.

I settled down into the conviction that it was Fred's apparition that I had seen, in spite of my disbelief in the supernatural, and this fact influenced my conduct every time I met him. I felt, somehow, that I had a glimpse of the future, and that it was decreed that Fred was to be my lover. I could feel myself blush each time that I met him, in spite of all I could do.

As for Alice, it was much easier for her to believe in the reality of the vision we had seen; and she insisted on speaking of Fred as my destined husband. I was familiarized with the idea in spite of myself. Somehow it became the most natural thing in the world to have Fred drop in and spend the evening with me. And he was so handsome, and in all respects so nice a fellow, that when papa, usually the most unobservant of men, made a jesting remark to me one day about the growing frequency of Fred's calls, I rushed from the room to hide my hot cheeks, and was compelled to own to myself that I loved him!

What wonder, then, one frosty winter night when we were out sleighing together, that I whispered "yes" when Fred told me, in a manly, honest way, of his love for me, and asked me to be his wife? And I felt myself the happiest woman in the world as I reached my room, with his first good-night kiss lingering on my lips.

Alice was wild with joy, and insisted that I should be married the same day as herself. So one night as Fred and I sat together by the fire in the sitting-room, it was finally arranged that when the June roses came again, we were to be wedded.

Fred gazed around the room reflectively. "Hazel," he said, as he came to where I sat, and dropped on one knee beside my chair, "do you know I have a confession to make to you?"

"A confession? What have you been doing?"

"It is not only a confession; I must ask your pardon also. Will you grant it?"

"That is not fair, Fred, to ask me to forgive some unknown atrocity. I can promise to be as lenient as possible, however. What must I pardon in you?"

"The fright I must have given you in this very room on Hallowe'en."

I sprang to my feet in astonishment. "It was really you—yourself, Fred?"

"Really, I, myself—my dear little Hazel!"

For I had sunk down in my chair, as the hot tears had sprung to my eyes in spite of myself.

But how can a girl help forgiving a handsome lover kneeling before her and begging for mercy? I could not, at least. When a treaty of peace had been ratified, I insisted upon knowing all about the Hallowe'en apparition.

"It was very simple, Hazel. I finished my business in Cincinnati a day earlier than I expected, and arrived here on the 11:30 train. Leaving my valise at the office on my way, I started for home. When I had gotten thus far, I noticed a bright light through yonder window—the shutter being partly open. I was thinking of the Hallowe'en party, and it occurred to me that perhaps they had all remained till midnight to try some spell. So I cautiously approached the window, and saw you and Alice laying the table. Fortunately for me, I remembered the superstition. I waited till the last stroke of twelve, and then entered. The rest you know."

"But why did you look so serious—and why was your face so pale?"

"I was tired, perhaps; and then I ran the risk of throwing you into hysterics, and of being discovered. When you rushed from the room, I left at once."

"How did you disappear so quickly? We ran out to look, but could see nobody."

"I heard the door open; I was just opposite the next alley, and ran down it."

"You scheming boy! But you came past here the next evening with papa—and told him you had just returned from Cincinnati."

"I loved you then, little Hazel, but I saw that you had no warmer feeling for me than friendship. I determined to make you believe it was my apparition, so as to compel you to think you belonged to me, and awaken love in your heart. I went directly to the depot, and took the 1:30 train to Fairview. I had long promised a visit to an old friend there, and spent the day with him, returning in the evening."

"Time for one thing more, Fred. Suppose that Alice had imagined that she was pursued instead of pursuing?"

"Ah, Hazel," laughed Fred, "I was merely on the path. Dick West had consulted me as to his exact time for the arrival of the—"

"Who was it, Alice?" I asked.

"It was Dick West—himself—himself, as he looked when—when—"

"Just as he looked when he sat down to the table," I finished for her.

Humor.

SALLY ANN JONES PAPERS.

No. 6—Jeremiah Endeavors to Have an Offensive Partisan Removed, and Get the Jonesville Postoffice Himself.

One evening not long ago, Jeremiah came up on to porch, seated himself in his rocking chair, wiped the perspiration from his face, and remarked that the weather was very warm.

"A correct observation, Jeremiah," says I. "I found that out two hours ago when I noticed that the thermometer stood at 100 in the shade."

There was an uneasy, fidgety look about Jeremiah, and I knew that there was more on his mind than the state of the weather, but I pretended not to notice his perplexity.

"Jeremiah," says I, "do you know who lives in that old cabin back of Jenkins's woods pasture?"

"I didn't know that anybody lived there?" says he, "what about them?"

"Two of the turkeys have strayed off," says I, "and I went around that way this morning to see if I could find them. I saw that somebody was living there, so I thought I would step in a moment and rest and have a look at them."

"Well, who are they, and what do you think of them?" says he.

"I didn't learn their names," says I, "but I think from their looks and talk, that they are a badly dilapidated couple that have seen some pretty hard times. The old man told me that he guessed if anybody had seen trouble, he and his wife had. He said he had been shot in his right leg, just above the knee, his left leg had been broken just below the knee, his left hand had been smashed, his right shoulder put out of place, his collar bone broken, his breast bone split, and three of his ribs stove in, and he had buried eleven children and four wives."

"No wonder he's a wreck," says Jeremiah. "After he'd battled with four of them, I shouldn't have expected there'd be much left for the fifth to smash up."

"Well," says I, "the old woman seems to be about as much of a wreck as the old man, and she has only buried three husbands, but if she has had to work as hard for each of her three as I have had to work for my one, I can easily believe the story the old man told me about her having the neurology, and rheumatiz, and a spine in her back bone."

"Well, Sally Ann," says he, "that just brings up what I want to talk to you about. I know that you've worked pretty hard, and had no good times, only occasionally of late years, when we've taken a trip somewhere, and I think that we are getting about old enough to take things easy, so, suppose we rent the farm and move to Jonesville?"

Whatever in the world would you do in Jonesville?" says I.

"Why," says he, "I've some prospects of getting the postoffice. The postmaster that we have now is considered an offensive partisan by our party; so, of course, some good Democrat can have his place."

"O, yes," says I, "I remember about him losing his right arm at Shiloh, and we all thought that he was so plucky, because he commenced to learn to write with his left hand before his wound was healed, but I never heard of him doing anything offensive since he's been postmaster. What has he been doing now?"

"I'm not going to try to explain politics to a woman," says he. "I want the place, and I think I'll get it, and if I can get it, I intend to take it."

"Well, I'll explain something to you," says I, "I'm not going to leave a good farm, where I have plenty of everthing, to starve to death in a one horse town like Jonesville."

"Jonesville has twenty-five hundred inhabitants," says he.

"I don't care if it had twenty-five millions," says I, "I wouldn't go there to live."

"Very well," says he, "I'll go without you."

"Go ahead," says I, "but before you've been there long without me to keep you from loafing around the saloons and other disreputable places at night, you'll be worse battered up than that old man that lives in Jenkins's cabin, before you've buried one wife."

"You know very well that I never drink," says he.

"I know that you don't now," says I, "but the company you would keep, without me along to keep you straight, would soon lead you into the habit."

I have not heard Jeremiah mention the postoffice since, but one Saturday afternoon, about two weeks after the conversation on the porch, Jacob came home from Jonesville, and handed his father the Jonesville *News*. Jeremiah commenced looking over the paper quietly enough, but all of a sudden he threw it as far as he could send it, then he walked out of the house, and meandered over toward Bill Jenkins's, and we saw no more of him till supper time.

I picked up the paper after Jeremiah went out, and looked it over to see if I could find out what it was that so upset him. I found a news item that fully explained his extraordinary conduct. It stated that as the present postmaster had given entire satisfaction, he would still continue to hold the fort.

When the whole family had retired for the night, and I was alone with my husband, I says to him, "Jeremiah, when are you going to move to Jonesville?"

Says he, "confound Jonesville! I wish that it was burnt to ashes, and everybody in it was in the bottom of the sea, and President Cleveland with them."

"Why, Jeremiah!" says I, "I'm going to send Jacob right off after the doctor, for I know that you are taking a spell of brain fever!"

"Plague on it, can't you hold your tongue?" says he, "I shall have brain fever if you don't stop your everlasting jaw, for my head aches fit to split now!"

I said no more, but I know that if there had been anybody to see it, there must have been a placid smile on my peaceful countenance that lasted all night, for I knew that I should hear no more about renting the farm and moving to Jonesville.

It Amounted to That.

He boarded a train at a little Western town, and entering the smoker sat down in one of the forward seats. Pretty soon a man who sat opposite noticed a single tear steal down his rough, hardy cheek, then another, until at last, dropping his head between his hands, he sobbed like a babe. The stranger watched him for some time in silence and let him weep, but at last that powerful human link, sympathy, broke the bonds of social etiquette and he inquired:

"What's the trouble, pard?"

"Well, you see, stranger, my ole chum is dead and I'm carryin' his corpse home to his ole mother. That's what makes me sad, and then, agin' I can't help cryin' when I think how lonesome it will be for me. You see, we worked together for nigh onto three years."

"That is indeed hard luck, but I reckon your can get another pard."

"Yes, maybe, but I can't git none like Dickey. No another harvest hand, stranger. He was a—"

"You do call him?"

"Harvest hand, Dickey, sudden."

"Harvest hand?"

"Yes, sir. Don't have another such name on the whole pacific slope. Dickey Harvest hand, you see, was the nearest that he and Alice could—"

"Alice?"

"Yes, Alice Harvest hand, the name he appeared to have [illegible]

[illegible]

"Just you [illegible]

HOW BECAME A MORMON.

Why the Old Man Felt Grateful to a Mormon Elder.

"I don't say as I approve of Mormonism," observed the old man as he chewed away at a fresh quid; "but I owe one of them 'ere Mormon elders a debt of gratitude I kin never pay."

"How's that?" asked one of the group.

"Wall, I don't mind tellin' ye the circumstance to while away the time. 'Long 'bout twenty years ago, when I had some shape to me, a widder up in the Chenango valley got struck on me. I was smashed on her. It was a sort of a mutual fire insurance company. Two hours after I first sot eyes on her she squoze my hand. I responded by hugging her waist. She called me her deary, I called her my dovey. Dang my buttons, if we wasn't engaged in less'n five hours!"

"Was she nice?"

"Um! She was an angel! For about four weeks I was the happiest man in York state. It seemed as if I trod on air half the time. Bimeby a dark shadder got up and humped itself across my azure sky."

"What was it?"

"Why, I diskivered that the widder had her faults. She had a temper like an old meat axe; she smoked a pipe; she walked in her sleep; she believed in dreams. We had a little tiff, same as all lovers, and she picked up an old scythe and run me half a mile. Then I began to claw off."

"Wanted to break, eh?"

"The wust way. She begged my pardon, and called me deary and dovey, and allowed that I was the noblest Roman on earth, but I insisted that the silver cord was busted. Then she sued me for breach o' promise—damages, $10,000."

"That was tough."

"Yes, I sweat over it like a yoke o' cattle drawin' in hay. The day the suit was to be called I driv down to the depot to take the train for the county seat, and I found her there. She come right up and shook hands as if nothin' had happened, and when we went into the cars she says, says she:

"'Jon Henry, tain't your money I'm after, but it's you I want.'

"'But you can't have me, Lucy Ann,' I answers.

"'Mebbe not, but you had no right to promise me.'

"'Waal, purty soon I looked down the car and I spies a Mormon elder. I knew he was, 'cause I'd seen him in Attica. He was a missionary, sent out to gather in the harvest. The harvest had been mighty slim, he looked as glum as a grasshopper left behind the drove. I goes over to him and softly says:

"'Elder, what of the cause?'

"'Tis a glorious one,' he answers.

"'And the converts?'

"'Rayther scarce.'

"'Say, Elder, do you want to make a hundred dollars and a first-class convert at the same time?' I axed him.

"'If it an' the Lord's will,' he solemnly answers.

"'Waal, I sent him over to talk to Lucy Ann, and in fifteen minutes she whistles to me. I goes over, and they was squeezing hands and lookin' everlastin' bliss into each other's orbs.

"'John Henry,' says she, 'a widder woman may want money, but she wants a second husband wuss. Let's dicker.'

"'How much to squelch the suit, Lucy?'

"'Eleven cow heads and!' In twenty minutes I had it all fixed, and in three days she headed West with the elder."

"Ever hear of her afterward?"

"Slightly. About a year after I met the elder over in the Mohawk valley. He wouldn't speak to me."

"Whence this disdain?" says I, as I driv him into a fence corner."

"'Alas!' sighs he, 'but you were too good. She broke my jaw, busted my harem, and kicked so much of the stuffin' out of Brigham Young's Bible that we can't find 'nuff Scriptur' to hold a prayer meetin' on. Go away, designin' villain—go 'way.'

"And I went."

PAULINE AND THE KING.

A Devout Missionary Who Was Willing to Make a Sacrifice.

The sincere missionary will do anything, make almost any sacrifice in promotion of the sacred cause he espouses. Some time ago, the Rev. Mr. Crutchler, an American divine of much gentleness and love, went to the island of Krinkaloo. He soon learned the simple language of the people and was delighted at the attentions which the king bestowed upon him. One day the good missionary said to his wife:

"Nancy, we cannot do too much for the king, for the more we do for him the better our cause will prosper. As you know, I am greatly desirous of making a good record over here. In view of this, I have been thinking of something, which, if accomplished, will place us beyond the possibility of failure."

"What is it, dear?" his wife asked.

"It is with regard to our daughter, Pauline. At home, you know, she was far from being a belle—in fact, she has never had an offer."

"Yes, I know."

"Well, I want her to marry the king."

"But he already has several wives."

"I know that, but our daughter would soon rule the palace."

"Have you spoken to Pauline?"

"Yes," and she was delighted."

"Well, I give my consent, but don't you think that I'd better make the arrangements?"

"Oh, no. You may know how to manage an American affair, but it takes me to manage a king."

Several days afterward, while the fat old king was walking in his garden, the missionary joined him and said:

"You must be a happy man."

"Yes."

"But there is one thing you lack."

"What?"

"An American wife."

"Humph."

"It is a fact."

"Where can I get her?"

"You may have my daughter Pauline."

"Humph."

"I am in earnest."

"Well, bring her."

Pauline and the king were married. Two days later the missionary and his wife called on the king.

"By the way," said the missionary, "how do you like your new wife?"

"Good."

"Glad to hear it."

"Ate her yesterday."

The missionary groaned, and his wife, flying at him, exclaimed:

"I told you to let me manage that affair. You never did have any sense."

The chief-old king, seeing the missionary's troubled state, thought to relieve him by remarking:

"He still hungry. He eat your wife too."

The missionary hesitated a moment and then replied:

"No, thank you, not to day, though I don't know how soon I may call upon you."

The missionary has been recalled.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Mistake by Tennyson.

"I think Tennyson must be going crazy," said Senator Jones to Editor Smith this morning.

"What's ailed Tennyson?"

"He is under the delusion many of him to [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Recent Literature.

THE TROPHET OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Boston.

This story is in the accomplished writer's best vein, and to those who do not weary of the dialect of the natives of the mountainous district in which the scene is laid, will prove of absorbing interest. Epigrammatic and pithy criticism on life abound, and droll, facetious sayings. It is unquestionably a vigorous, dramatic and interesting novel; one that was worth writing and is worth reading, and one that the authoress may be proud of.

"AS WE GO MARCHING ON." A Story of the War. By Dr. G. Hosmer. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is not a brilliant literary effort, but nevertheless it is told interestingly and with naturalness, and will be enjoyed by the reader. The writer is evidently well acquainted with the scenes where his story is for the most part laid—Virginia—and from certain passages we imagine that he took personal part in some of the scenes described.

A WOMAN'S TRIUMPH. A True Story of Western Life. A. H. Andrews & Co., Chicago.

This is the initial volume of "Andrews Nut Shells" and is a tender and pathetic little story of a woman's self-sacrifice and devotion. It is based upon facts which came under the writer's knowledge while sojourning in the pineries, where the principal incident of the story occurred.

WITHOUT A COMPASS. A Novel. By Frederick E. Van Vorst. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A sensational story from first to last, but one which will find many readers. The plot and its working out is so full of pathos very touching in places that it cannot be read without interest. In some parts it is extravagant and unreal, a story, however, of man's sin and woman's weakness, with their terrible expiation. The author should have a brilliant future.

THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO. For Boys and Girls. With Explanatory Notes and Comments. By Thomas W. Knox. Fully Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Marco Polo is revered as the greatest of all travelers in the Middle Ages, and by many geographers his work is believed to have led to the discovery of the New World by Columbus. In earlier times the story of his travels was received with incredulity, but later generations have established their correctness. In the present volume the writer has followed as closely as possible the original text only changing it enough to make it adapted to the youthful readers. The illustrations are excellent and the young folks cannot fail to be delighted with this addition to their literature.

THE SECESSION OF A HUNDRED YEARS, WITH COMPARATIVE RESULTS, OR WHAT IT HAS POWER TO DO AND WHAT IT HAS FAILED TO DO. By Rev. John V. Potts. In two volumes, Vol. I. Reformed Publishing Company, Dayton, Ohio.

This is a new, and, as the author says, an improved edition of "Christian Co-Operation," and is a review of the origin and progress of the people known as "The United Brethren in Christ," who seceded from the German Reformed Church. It defends their principles and polity in a clear, earnest and concise manner. The writer endeavors to explain the idea of Christian Co-Operation in its fullest sense. The volume is interesting reading.

HISTORIC BOYS. Their Endeavors, Their Achievements and Their Times. By E. S. Brooks. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

These stories of boy-life, twelve in number, have been issued on historic facts with a due regard to historic and chronologic accuracy. Several of them have already appeared in the St. Nicholas, and were welcomed with delight. Three, at least, of those in the volume were specially prepared for it, and all are exceedingly interesting. The book is beautifully gotten up, fine paper, fine typography, good illustrations, and a very neat, tasteful cover.

DORA'S DEVICE. By George R. Cather, Editor of "The Southern Ages," Ashville, Ala. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This is a novel in which the author has crowded all the dramatic interest possible. He presents a commercial crash, a mysterious murder, an involved and difficult piece of detective work, a desperate struggle for leadership in society, true love, the course of which runs the reverse of smoothly, a mad infatuation inspired by a reckless and designing woman, a secret with a ghostly flavor, a charming picture of domestic life, a tissue of old-time legends and negro superstitions, and a flirtation at a fashionable watering place, which leads to a fatal duel.

This story won a considerable success in Paris, running through over 50 editions. It was afterwards dramatized and produced there where it made a brilliant hit. Perhaps it will not diminish the desire to read it, to learn that the English version of the play is to be brought out in this country, with Modjeska in the role of heroine. Her portrait forms the frontispiece of the book.

CRISS-CROSS. By Grace Denio Litchfield. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This is a very graceful story told in letter form which is always fascinating when well done, and this is one which is well accomplished. The one before us cannot fail to please, for while not in the least sensational, it is charming in its delineations of character, and gradual unfolding of plot.

IMMORTALITY INHERENT IN NATURE. By Warren Sumner Barlow, Author of "The Vorse," and Other Poems. Fowler, Wells & Co. New York.

The title of this poem would probably suggest to most persons a very elaborate and technical volume; but on the contrary the matter is not only simplified and clear but is condensed into about forty pages, forming an attractive looking book, containing in all five cantos. The subjects are treated in a careful, sympathetic and thoughtful manner, and are invested by boldness and beauty of thought, as well as by reverence and devoteduess of tone and style.

"*Cupid's Calendar*" for 1886, a heart-shaped leaflet attached by a silken cord to a gilt arrow and intended for hanging on the wall—contains on each of its leaves a collection of extracts from popular poets and writers. It is issued by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

With the November number Harper's magazine concludes its 71st volume, and celebrates the fact by an unusually rich and attractive table of contents. Its opening feature is an illustrated paper by Mrs. Lucy C. Lillie, entitled "An Indian Journey." A scientific article is given on "The New York Stock Exchange," by R. Wheatley. "An Art Study" is a brief but instructive paper, based on Murillo's original (painted) design for his celebrated picture, "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." Henry P. Wells has an article on "The Defence of Our Seaports," which is also fully illustrated. Miss Woolson's "Best Angels" and Mr. Howell's "Indian Summer" are continued. There are two excellent stories—a humorous sketch entitled "The Singular Case of Mr. Samuel Speakin," by F. Anstey, and "The Captain of the Mother Bell," by the late Helen Hunt Jackson. The poems of the number are remarkably good. Harper and brother, New York. $4 a year.

THE ATLANTIC.

The November number leads off with four chapters of the first book of Henry James's new novel, "The Princess Casamassima." Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis follows with an article entitled, "Some Testimony in the Case." E. R. Sill endeavors to explain and formulate the "Principles of Criticism" in literature. John Fiske contributes a thoughtful article on "The Idea of God." Edward Stanwood contributes a paper on "An Old-Time Grievance." In the Contributor's Club an anonymous contributor makes some humorous comments on the proposed American mausoleum, or Westminster Abbey idea. The serials maintain their interest. An old Algonquin legend is the motif of "How Glooskap Brought the Summer," by Frances L. Mace, and there is more good poetry by Andrew Hedbrooke and Paul Hermes. The usual "Books of the Month" complete an entertaining, readable and very valuable number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. $4 a year.

THE CENTURY.

"A Photographer's Visit to Petra," which opens the November number, is one of the most attractive and unusual articles, in point of illustration, ever printed in the magazine. Edward L. Wilson contributes a narrative of his daring journey to the decayed city of Petra, and of his adventures with the Arabs, and Thomas W. Ludlow introduces the paper with a short historical account. Edmund Gosse contributes a second illustrated paper on "Living English Sculptors." Several fine illustrations accompany the paper on "Setters," in the "Typical Dog" series, there being in this number six short articles by as many writers. Gen. Grant's paper describing the campaign and battle of "Chattanooga" is a feature of the number which will excite world-wide interest. With it is given a full page portrait of Gen. Grant, from a photograph taken at Mount McGregor; and two fac similie pages of a part of one of his letters to Dr. Douglas. In "Memoranda of the Civil War," Gen. William F. Smith has a short article entitled, "Was Chattanooga Fought as Planned?" The short stories are unusually good, and there are several fine poems. The Century Company, New York; $4 a year.

ST. NICHOLAS.

Contents of November number: Frontispiece, "A November Evening;" "Little Lord Fauntleroy;" "A November Evening;" "Hallowe'en," "New Bits of Talk for Young Folks;" "Barty's Turkeys;" "The Moon and its 'Shine;'" "The Candy Country;" "Who'll Buy?" "Giant Turtles;" "From Bach to Wagner, VIII.;" "A Bright Idea;" "Uncle and Aunt;" "Wood notes from a Cage," "Playing School;" "Personally Conducted;" "Sir Roger De Rosally Rose;" "Our Letter;" "The Squirrel;" "Among the Law-makers;" "Two Middies at Ephesus;" "Firel Fire!" "Home-made Christmas Gifts;" "For Middle-aged Little Folk;" "Jack-in-the-Pulpit." "Editorial Notes;" "The Letter-box;" "The Agassiz Association;" The Riddle-box;" "Cartoons for Children." The Century company, New York. $3 a year.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

A prominent feature of the November number is an elegantly illustrated paper on the "Wadsworth House at Geneseo," by Frederic G. Mather, with portraits of James Wadsworth, the philanthropist, and of Gen. James S. Wadsworth, who fell in the late civil war. The contributors to the Civil War Series are Gen. William Farrar ("Baldy") Smith, A. D. Rockwell, M. D., who was a surgeon in the army, and Col. Charles C. Jones, jr., LL. D., C. S. A. Beside these are several other articles of interest, such as "Witchcraft in Illinois;" "Battle of Bladensburg." 30 Lafayette Place, New York. $5 a year.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE.

Table of contents for November: "The Lady Lawyer's First Client." Two parts. III. By Thomas Wharton; "Queen Anne, or Free Classic Architecture," by George C Mason, jr.; "A Random Shot," a story by C. W. Wilmerding; "The Peabody Museum of American Archæology," by Ernest Ingersoll;" "A North River Ferry," by F. N. Zabriskie; "The Art of Reading," by Grace H. Pierce; "A Backwoods Romance," a story by Susan Hartley Swett; "Van," by Charles King, U. S. A. A number of short stories, poems and articles of interest upon current topics also appear. J. B. Lippincott Company, 715 Market street, Philadelphia. $3 a year.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

The November number is at hand with its usual variety of interesting articles. The frontispieces illustrates a poem, "A First Love Making," and Alice O'Hanlon's serial, "A Diamond in the Rough," opens the reading matter, followed by "That Dreadful Examination," by Barbara Foley, of Newnham college, Cambridge. In a paper entitled "What Fixes My Wages," the interesting subject of supply and demand is discussed. "The Family Doctor" discusses "Brain Weariness," and gives some excellent advice for its relief. Cassell & Co., New York. $1.50 a year.

THE ART AMATEUR.

The November issue gives a superb double-page design of birds (parrot and blue jay) for either oil or china painting; the first of a series of animal studies—a most lovable cat; a fine fruit design for a repousse panel; one of nasturtiums to be painted on a dessert plate; four valuable designs for ecclesiastical embroidery and one for a table cover; a page of monograms (H); twelve studies of cupids from paintings by the old masters; a page of delightful outline figure sketches; a specially attractive figure study by Henry Mosler, and several small designs for screen and panel decoration. Articles of special interest are the illustrated biographical notice of Henry Mosler, and the first of a new series on the "Decoration of our Home." Charcoal and crayon drawing and gold embroidery receive special attention, and Montezumas' "Note Book," the Boston letter, dramatic feuilleton, art notes, etc., are especially interesting. Montague Marks, 23 Union Square, New York. $4 yearly.

GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

The October issue contains the fifth paper on "Model Homes for Model Housekeeping," and other topics treated are: "How Ethathan and I went to Housekeeping," "Economize Your Strength," "Gastronomic Thoughts and Suggestions," "The Rationale of Gifts," "Mrs. Stebbins's Tea Party," "Preparing for Spring Flowers," "Home Life Sketches in the Old Dominion," "How We Settled," "Recreation for Leisure Hours," "Elegant Home-made Furniture," "Dining-room Talk," "Methods of Work," and "A Page of Fugitive Verse." Clark W. Bryan & Co., Holyoke, Mass. $2.50 a year. Fortnightly.

THE DORCAS.

This magazine for November has a very attractive table of contents for those interested in the specialties of which it treats. Several patterns of beautiful lace both knitted and crocheted are given, and also hints about a variety of decorative articles. Everything has the charm of novelty about it, which is a great deal in its favor in these days of endless repetition of an idea. 872 Broadway, New York. $1 a year.

THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

The contents of the October number follow: "The Causes of the Jansenist Heresy," Rev. Francis X. Kroll; "The Question and the Church in Canada," D. A. O'Sullivan; "Hume's Theory of Cause and Effect the Basis of his Skeptical Philosophy," James A. Cain; "American Catholics and the Proposed University," H. J. H.; "Maryland and the Controversies as to her Early History," John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.; "Christian Burial and Cremation," Rev. H. A. Brann, D. D.; "Relative influence of Paganism and Christianity upon Morals," Very Rev. James Gibbons, D. D.; "The New Irish Programme," John Boyle O'Reilly; "The True Idea of the Beautiful," Rev. James Conway, S. J.; "In Memoriam—Cardinal McCloskey," Rt. Rev. Mousignor Corcoran, D. D.; Book Notices.

THE INTERIOR.

The November number has a very pretty frontispiece entitled "Returning to the Fold." The opening poem is "Mutation," by Mary E. Dickerson. Then follows "An Autograph," "On the Breezy Choptank," "The American Indians," "The Crow's Requiem," "The Age in Which We Live," and others. Reformed Publishing Co., Dayton, O. $2 yearly.

THE SOUTHERN BIVOUAC.

The November number of this as yet new magazine contains some exceedingly interesting, well written articles. One of them entitled "Southern Dialect in Life and Literature," by Charles Forster Smith, criticises the writings of Charles Egbert Craddock in regard to her rendering of the speech of the people of whom she writes, having visited the Smoky mountains in order to test the question. He considers that there are three great dialect writers in the South,—Cable, Harris and Craddock. The article is full of interest. There are several pertaining to the war which will be read carefully. The A. Avery & Sons, Louisville, Ky. $2 a year.

OUR LITTLE ONES.

The November number is bright and attractive as this little magazine is always. Each number is a real treasure trove to the little folks who get it. The illustrations and reading matter are equally good. Russell Publishing Company, Boston. $1.50 yearly.

COMMON-SENSE DRESS.

American Women Can Learn Something from the Japanese.

It seems to me that the Japanese have got the question of dress, particularly woman's dress, down to a fine point. Nothing could be more graceful, more simple, or more common sense than the dress of these women. The same style is used for a calico or a silk gown. It is simply one straight long piece like a night gown, open down the front from the neck to the feet, with sleeves two feet wide, running straight out from the shoulders; but the grace comes in in the way it is worn. The skirt is wrapped around the figure and held together by a broad belt, the waist being made by pulling up the gown and letting it hang full over the belt. In this gown a woman has perfect freedom, and one great charm of it has hardly say weight. There are some that are laden down with gold embroidery, but most of them take their fineness out in the quality of the material or the design which is woven in the goods. The tailor-made dress of the period, which has been so popular among the ladies for the past three or four years, and which is so much admired by the men for its simplicity and common sense, has its draw-backs. While it is simple and while it is sensible, being made of cloth, it is exceedingly heavy. A lady told me the other day that she had weighed the skirt of her walking-dress, and it weighed just five and a half pounds! A skirt that weighs four pounds is considered very heavy for a woman to carry when all the weight comes around the hips; but a skirt weighing five and a half pounds is an abomination, and is enough to bring on some serious disease. Now, the weight of a Japanese lady's dress is not only very little, but it is distributed all over her body. There is no one part that is pulled down by it. If the dress-reformers want to do a sensible thing they will introduce this dress among American and European women, for it has everything to recommend it, and, unlike the Bloomer costume, is thoroughly feminine.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierce cures "female weakness" and kindred affections. By druggists.

HARDSHELL LOVE-MAKING.

Judge A. R. Wright, of Rome, Tells All About It.

Rome (Ga.) Bulletin.

To the young people by far the most interesting part of a Hardshell Baptist association is the courting scenes going on in various directions, which an old campaigner in the wars of Cupid never fails to detect. If the elite about the cities of both sexes think there is no fun of this sort going on in these secluded, yet delightful valleys they are greatly mistaken.

On the outskirts of the congregation sat a large, well developed, handsome girl, evidently well in her teens. She had a soft blue eye fashioned after the model of an Italian sky, clear, cerulean, with the softest rays of the sunlight of love playing in its depth; mysterious, unfathomable, yet beautiful as the rainbow. By her side sat a graceful, good-looking country lad of 20 summers. His mustache was thinly settled but promised to be voluminous, and black as the darkness that covered Egypt in the time of Israel's trouble. An eye, like the mustache, that either an ancient or a model Roman might covet. Her head was a little bowed, so that the bonnet might cover the face. It did so partially, but occasionally it was gently raised and a furtive glance thrown out to see if any body was noticing.

"An old campaigner" was looking on with much interest. He knew just as well that boy was courting that girl as if he had been at it himself. The girl was in trouble, but it was delightful trouble. Streaks of crimson would cover her face like golden clouds at sunset. That beautiful bosom would rise and swell gently, like the billows in a calm; and now, it would heave high with an escaped sigh that spoke volumes to one who knew about things.

The gallant country lad had turned loose a full spark of Cupid's artillery upon the citadel of her heart. The heart-works were being terribly battered. It was evident to an experienced eye the fortifications would go. She picked the rim entirely off her palmetto fan, she chewed the corner of a white lawn handkerchief. Though no flag of surrender was actually held out, the deep drawn sigh gave notice that all was lost.

When the intermission and basket dinner came on there was a junction of the carnal with the spiritual. Lamb, pork, chicken pie, tarts, pies, custards, grapes, equal to those the spies brought back from the promised land, nectarine peaches, over which the Olympian gods and all the gods would have united, sugar cantelopes and twenty pound watermelons and such like things, were feast about in great profusion. If these Hardshells do as well in the next world as they do in this, divers will desire to cast their lot with them.

Youthful couples, male and female, could be seen moving in all directions, some hunting the crystal springs that surrounded the grounds, some going farther in the lonely coves, looking for the modest yet blushing violets, found under the overhanging mountain cliffs, others discussing (possibly) the merits of the sermon, and the road to heaven.

Nor did the sparking cease when the meeting broke up. They went as they came, in buggies, wagons, in ox-carts, full of boys and girls; and a vast crowd came and went on horseback. Courting on horseback in the country is a science. If a man wants to know whether a woman is smart or no, let him watch the girls, giving preference, in great competition, to their favorites.

Does a fellow get up alongside of her that she does not fancy, and is the preferred one ahead, casting back a loving glance? Suddenly she becomes exasperated with her unlucky steed, and gives him a cut with her riding whip that spurts him far ahead, alongside of her darling, leaving "Boby Noodles" far in the rear. Is her "ducky in the rear she finds something the matter with her stirrup, and not only suddenly stops, but checks up serenely her Selim, and reels him back some twelve or fifteen feet to the rear, just alongside of her lost one, and tells him her foot is out of the stirrup. Quick as thought he is on the ground, adjusting the beautiful foot to the disorderly stirrup. If he squeezes it a little softly and slyly, who can blame him. She may frown, but it is the frown of forgiving displeasure.

If anywhere in the past, anybody but Satan has got the better of a woman, it is not recorded. The villainous old hypocrite told her eating that apple amounted to nothing, but the moment she ate it she would find out something she never knew before. The devil must have laughed as he watched the operation of his physic. Of course she went for the "bottom facts" and ate the apple.

The clerk of the court of chancery, who is a hard-shell, weighs about 250, has an eye as black as a coal, is about 35, wears a long-tail coat, split up to the gallows buttons, was out at the meeting in a two-horse wagon. His team did not match, being a small mule and a large gray horse. But he had six good-looking women in his wagon, one of which was his wife, the other, five sisters in the church: all of which was exactly right. But it is said to be a peculiarity of the clerk, that he will carry none but good-looking sisters. As he passed along he looked happy—happy as "Dolph Ross and Bob Fouche" when they start fishing to "Big Cedar, between Thomas' mill and Coosa River," where roses grow (ever blossom), and an occasional tulip puts up its modest head, "fair as lilies that grow in Sharon's Vale."

A most estimable lady in a certain neighborhood, who had one of these quiet, easy-going, furtive-looking hus bands, given to much fishing, always sent along one of her children to "tote pap's bait-gourd." It is said the way she interrogated the boy upon his return showed not only great tact, but profound reflection.

CREAM CAKE.

Let Ohio paint her nose and she little cares which party rules.

"For particulars see small bills," said the candidate, handing his ward lieutenant a roll of money.

The price of a giraffe is $20,000, which accounts for the non appearance of the giraffe in ward politics.

A correspondent wishes to know if it is proper to kiss babies. Before answering this question we always prefer to see the baby.

The Czar of Russia is said to eat only one meal a day. This encourages the belief that he is trying to publish a daily paper in the Russian oil field.

"Talking about dates, one ought to have them at one's finger ends," said he. "Why?" said she. "Oh, because their home is on the palm."

A 67-year-old woman has married a 15-year-old boy. This heartless cruelty to children must be stopped though all the militia in the country has to be called out.

Gen. Butler says: "The workingmen were afraid of me because I had a little money." No, Benjamin, the workingmen were not afraid of you because you had a little money. They feared that you were after a great deal more.

If you borrow a kettle from a squaw be sure, on returning it, that some of the article cooked in it is left sticking to the bottom. This is good breeding, because it at once satisfies the laudable curiosity of the lender as to what you wanted the utensil for.

"Don't you think this bonnet is a little too young for me?" inquired Mrs. Shuttle of Job, as she was doing her final "prinking" at the glass, before going out.

"Never mind if it is. You won't have worn it more than six weeks before it will be 'too old' and you will want a new one."

"Did he pop the question last night?" eagerly asked the mother as the daughter came down late to breakfast.

"No, not quite."

"What did he say?"

"Why, he squeesed my hand twice and said that he believed I'd make some man an excellent wife if the fellow had sense enough to take me so far away that you couldn't visit me more than once in twenty years."

About the Size of It.

"Good morning, Colonel."

"Good morning, General."

These were the salutations fired at a grand army veteran the other day by two Toledo friends who were walking along Summit street. When he had gone the following conversation ensued:

"What was he anyhow?"

"Private, I guess."

"Beat the size of it."

THEY PARTED.

A Romance of the Illinois Hunting-Season—She Never Speaks When They Pass By.

Young Augustus de Jones and Miss Clara Brussels never speak any more as they pass by. And the avoidance and vocal silence all grew out of the prevalent fashion of going nutting. A few weeks ago the world looked bright to the young couple. Augustus loved Clara, and Clara loved Augustus. The young man admired the old man Brussels, respected old Mrs. Brussels, and was on intimate terms with the house dog. Augustus was looking longingly forward to the time when a rise in salary would enable him to call Clara his own, and the maiden's sleeping hours were filled with dreams of love in a cottage.

A few days ago the young man received an invitation to go with the family on a nutting expedition, which he promptly accepted. The roomy old family carriage was comfortably filled, with Mr. and Mrs. Brussels on the front seat and Augustus and his darling on the back one. Old man Brussels looked rather scornful at the young man, who came attired for a nutting party as though he were going to a ball, but everything passed off well until the chosen ground was reached. The day was a delicious one, with the warm mellow glow of the Indian summer air bringing a delicous langnor to his soul. Arriving on the ground, they soon found there were plenty of nuts, but how to get them was the question. Scarcely any had fallen, and the rough shellbark of the hickory trees guarded well their treasures. Clubs were procured however, and the work of petting the nuts from the trees commenced.

The first attempt of young Augustus was a success. He drew back to throw and took old Mrs. Brussels under the chin with such force as to draw an agonizing shriek from the old lady, and the remark from the old man that "this was a nutting expedition, not a Donnybrook fair."

Finally all the clubs were lodged in the trees, and it was decided that it was necessary to climb the monarchs of the forest if any nuts were procured. Of course this meant work for Augustus. He avowed a willingness to try, and was so bewildered by a thankful glance from Clara's blue eyes that he promptly commenced the ascent of a black oak under the impression that it was a hickory.

"That young man will do some mischief yet," said old Mrs. Brussels, who was a ill indignant.

And then Augustus attempted the explanation that he had intended climbing the oak, and then jumping over from there on the hickory, which, as the limbs were about forty feet apart, would have been a very heroic feat indeed.

The young man finally succeeded in reaching one of the branches of a hickory and dislodging a few consumptive looking nuts, one of which took Clara on the top of her angelic nose, just as she looked up to see Augustus, retiring her in short order. The old man lay down on the grass and roared, when just as he turned over one of the heaviest clubs that had lodged in the branches took him across the mouth, knocking out two of his teeth and changing his laugh to a roar of anguish.

"I knew he would do some mischief," shrieked the old woman, rushing to the relief of her husband and gazing reproachfully up in the tree just in time to receive a big hickory nut in the eye.

"Clara," shouted the old man, "cad up the horse and let us go home and leave that infernal young fool up in the tree."

Clara, with a heart swelling with indignation toward her lover, did as she was bid, when, just as the old horse came under the tree, poor Augustus, who knew nothing of the damage he was doing, rained down a perfect avalance of clubs and hickory nuts and started the old horse off on a run. Clara's dress caught on the singletree, there was a tearing sound, a fluttering of old newspapers in the air, and a swift dodging behind a neighboring tree, while the anxious mother hastily pinned her remaining apparel together.

"Got all you want down there?" cheerfully shouted young Augustus from the upper branches.

"Come down, you confounded idiot, and see!" shouted old man Brussels, with a gleam of war in his eye. And then the women gathered about him and implored him not to whip the young man, although they admitted he deserved punishment.

But what a sight met young De Jones's eye when he reached the ground! The old man prancing around and spitting out blood and profanity; the old lady with one eye closed and the other glaring vengefully at him; Miss Clara trying to look scornfully, with a nose the size of an apple; pieces of carriage strewn along the narrow path, mixed with feminine apparel, and an occasional piece of bread, of meat, or pie, and no horse in sight.

"What's the matter?" asked the bewildered young man. Old man Brussels started towards him, but he was held by the women folks, who briefly and sternly explained the situation to him in such a way as to let him know that all was at an end.

"Mr. De Jones," said Clara, as he turned away to hunt his coat (and, ah, how cold the words sounded after being so lately called "dear Augustus!") you are about to lose your handkerchief."

But poor Augustus well knew that his handkerchief was in his coat pocket, and Clara would have known better had not her eyes been swollen with pain.

Putting on his coat the quartet slowly, solemnly and silently returned to the city, which they reached just as the sun was going down.

Augustus's coat was of the short-tailed variety, and it was not long until "the small boy" was confidentially imparting the information to him that "there was a letter in the postoffice" for him.

"Mr. De Jones," said Clara, "did I understand that young lad to say that there was a letter in the postoffice for you?"

Augustus blushingly murmured that she had correctly heard the information.

"Then," said Clara scornfully, "perhaps you had better go and get that letter. We can go home alone."

Clara now has young Smith for steady company. The new gallant laughed heartily when told of De Jones's misfortune. "He doesn't understand nutting, Clara," said he; "I will go to the woods to-morrow and get you all you want." He accomplished the feat by hiring a buggy and buying a bushel for a dollar from a farmer's boy.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Where are the "Chosen People?"

The *Bulletin* of the Geographical society of Marseilles estimates the total number of Jews in the world at 6,377,602—that is, 5,407,602 in Europe, 245,000 in Asia, 413,000 in Africa, 300,000 in America, and 12,000 in Oceanica. The European Jews are distributed as follows: 1,643,708 in Austria-Hungary, 561,612 in Germany, 60,000 in Great Britain, 3,000 in Belgium, 3,946 in Denmark, 1,000 in Spain, 70,000 in France, 2,653 in Greece, 7,374 in Switzerland, 8,693 in Holland, 36,289 in Italy, 600 in Luxemburg, 200 in Portugal, 260,000 in Roumania, 2,552,145 in Russia, 3,493 in Servia, 3,000 in Sweden and Norway, and 116,000 in European Turkey. There are about 150,000 in the Asiatic provinces of Turkey, 15,000 in Persia, 47,000 in Asiatic Russia, in India and Chinas 19,000, and 14,000 in Turkestan and Afghanistan. In Africa there are about 35,000 in Algeri, 100,000 in Morocco, 55,000 in Tunis, 6,000 in Tripoli, 200,000 in Abyssinia, 8,000 scattered over the desert, and about 1,000 at the Cape of Good Hope.

Five Hundred Dollars

is the sum Dr. Pierce offers for the detection of any calomel, or other mineral poison or injurious drug, in his justly celebrated "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." They are about the size of a mustard seed, therefore easily taken, while their operation is unattended by any griping pain. Biliousness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, and jaundice, yield at once before these "little giants." Of your druggist.

Dakota has a school teacher who is worth her weight in gold. Her name is Belle Franklin. Recently she saved a neighbor's wheat stacks and house from the prairie fires by harnessing the horses to the plow and turning over several furrows, which caused a substantial fire break.

Some Frank Confessions!

"Our remedies are unreliable."—Dr. Vacutius Mott.

"We have multiplied diseases." — Dr. Rush, Philadelphia.

"Thousands are annually slaughtered in the sick room."—Dr. Frank.

"The science of medicine is founded on conjecture, improved by murder." — Sir Astley Cooper, M. D.

"The medical practice of the present day is neither philosophical or common sense."—Dr. Evans, Edinburg, Scotland.

Dr. Dio Lewis, who abhors drugs as a rule and practices hygiene, is frank enough, however, to say over his signature, "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I should use Warner's safe cure because I am satisfied it is not injurious. The medical profession stands helpless in the presence of more than one such malady."

An old proverb says; If a person dies without the services of a doctor, then a coroner must be called in and a jury empanelled to enquire and determine upon the cause of death; but if a doctor attended the case, then no coroner and jury are needed as every person knows why the person died! —*Medical Herald.*

THE WHITE INDIANS.

White Men Acquiring Indian Rights by Marrying the Red Women.

An intelligent Indian recently, in reporting the marriage of an Indian octoroon to a white man, said: "If this process goes on, we will soon have the whitest race of Indians you ever did see." The accomplished daughter of the old missionary, Dr. Robertson, married a full-blooded Creek. Her sister has secured money at the East to establish a seminary among the full bloods, and it has been a question where the seminary could be located to meet the object aimed at. Parties stopping from the train at Vinita, within the Cherokee nation, the only railroad crossing in the Indian Territory, commonly ask, "Where are the Indians?" On being told that those they see about them are Indians, they reply, "No. They are not Indians. These are white men."

By marrying an Indian maiden, the white man secures all the rights of Indian citizenship. The "headright" of the girl helps the matrimonial contract. To hunters for land, those looking for wide ranges for cattle or agriculture, the temptation is very strong to take this short cut to get an extent of soil they could never hope to secure in any other way.

The encouragement given to the whites on the part of marriageable Indian females is quite observable. They think that by marrying white men they gain socially, and have a prospect of an easier and better cared for life. And they think rightly. In all depressed civilizations, women have a hard time of it. The Indian men do not like this constant raiding through their land and capturing the most attractive of their race, whom they would woo and wed, but they can not help themselves, and retaliate by stealing the affections of the white girls and marrying them. White girls entering an Indian reservation are very soon picked up; not so often by full-blooded Indians, but after the process of intermarriage has commenced, not so seldom by half-breeds, quadroons and octoroons.

White persons who marry into Indian blood almost invariably remain on Indian soil. The white man, in defense of Indian ideas of communal interests and Indian questions as related to the whites, becomes more intensely an Indian than the Indians themselves. I think the fiercest defenders of the tribal system are white men who by marriage have become Indian citizens and are making money out of it. The large crops on Indian lands are invariably raised by white men. Four-fifths of the mechanics are white men, brothers-in-law to the Indians. So on both sides the process of dilution of Indian blood goes on until it becomes very thin, while Indian habits and Indian characteristics still remain.

The common notion among Indians is that Indian blood never runs out, and that wherever the slightest trace of it can be found, there the fullest rights of land and privilege follow. For a man who has one-sixteenth or one-thirty-second part of Indian blood, the claim for his right as an Indian is asserted as for the full-blood. A white man has married an Indian girl, a light blonde, of one-thirty second Indian blood. His children will be one-sixty-fourth Indian. The family consists of five members. On account of that one-thirty-second Indian blood, that family of five, located on the border of the Indian land, is entitled, by equal division of the tribal land to five times 995 acres, or 4,975 acres.

BELLE BOYD, THE SPY.

The Story of Her Services to the Confederacy as She Tells It Herself.

Belle Boyd, or Mrs. Hammond, is a woman of tall and graceful form, and a face still youthful and bearing much of the beauty which it possessed when its owner became famous during the war. Of her career, which made the name of Belle Boyd famous the world over, she said: "I came of a well known family of Virginia, and although my father was not wealthy, he was in prosperous circumstances, and his family connections were among the best in the state. When the war began I was a girl of 15, just out of school and enthusiastic in my love for my country, the South. When Banks came down into Virginia I was within the union lines, having left my home at Martinsburg. I gave Stonewall Jackson much information which, no doubt, greatly assisted him in driving Banks out of the Valley. I was captured and taken to Washington, but they had no evidence against me, or perhaps they admired my coolness and cheek. At any rate, they did not shoot me as a spy when I was court-martialed, and indeed what i had done was not done in the consciousness that I was a spy. I only wanted to help my people. I was exchanged for a union colonel, and when I got back to the southern army I received an enthusiastic reception. In 1864 I was sent to England with dispatches from the confederate government and ran the blockade in the Greyhound. I was captured at sea with my dispatches, the Greyhound having been run down by the Connecticut under command of Lieut. Harding. The lieutenant fell in love with me and permitted the captain of the Greyhound to escape. I was brought to Washington again a prisoner, but was banished to Canada, to be shot the next time I was caught. Lieut. Harding was court-martialed and dismissed from the service. He came to England and the same summer, 1864, we were married in London. I received the most distinguished attentions there. After I was left a widow in England I went on the stage. In 1867 I made my first appearance in America with Ben De Bar, and after that I starred two seasons. Then I married Col. Hammond at New Orleans, and lived quietly in Texas until a little over a year ago. Col. Hammond is now afflicted with softening of the brain, and I am compelled to support myself and three children. I intend to return to the stage and make a name for myself yet."

A Puzzling Question.

"Mother, don't the angels wear any clothes?" asked a little girl of her mother.

"No, my daughter."

"None at all, mother?"

"None at all."

There was a pause, and the little cherub asked:

"Where do the angels put their pocket-handkerchiefs?"

In Life's Decline

Infirmities beset us to which our youth and maturity were strangers. Weakness of the loins, rheumatic ailments, dyspepsia, loss of appetite and unquiet sleep, are among these. As a means of counteracting the infirmities of age, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is unrivalled. It quickens and enriches the sluggish and impoverished circulation, begets a hearty appetite and youthful relish for the food, and cements the stomach to digest it. It soothes and invigorates the nervous system, and checks a tendency to rheumatism. Its quieting action upon the great sympathetic nerve, which connects the stomach with the brain, results in the speedy departure of the restlessness by night, and clamorousness by day, which are the redoubled manifestations of dyspepsia. It is a most additional antidote to the paroxysms given a healthful impetus to the action of the kidneys and bladder, and is an admirable means of counteracting vapor chills, imparted by overwork or exposure.

The Camp Fire.

Chat Around the Fire.

J. Jones, Co. K, 7th Ohio, Elkhorn, Penn.:

Will you allow me to set by the CAMP FIRE for a few minutes. I am one of those "Yanks" that fought the Johnnies in Tennessee. I would like to hear from some of my old regiment and would like to know when Salem, Ala., was taken, was it in the day or night time?

A. O. Woodbury, Co. A, 53d Ill., Colorado Springs, Col.:

Speaking about the treatment of the rebel soldiers, I will state what I know in regard to it. Our regiment, the 53d Illinois, guarded the Donelson prisoners about one month in March, 1862, and I know they had good fare, and it was just as good as we had. I asked some of them about their fare. They said it was good, but didn't like our bakers' wheat bread. They were not used to it, and the baker was ordered to bake corn bread for them. I guess the baker didn't know the process of making it to suit them. The sickness at Camp Douglas was caused by exposure before they were taken prisoners. They had as good quarters as we had, and were without the exposure we suffered while standing guard over them in the stormy March weather. Ex-soldiers vote the Republican ticket.

George A. Beardsley, Durand, Wis.:

As I never wrote for the CAMP FIRE I thought I would offer my mite. I went out in '62, enlisted in the glorious old 7th Ohio, ("the bloody seventh" they used to call it.) Billy Chreighton was colonel. A braver man never drew a sword. We had all of our officers killed or wounded at Ringgold, Ga., and 100 men killed in less than a minute, but we paid them for it afterwards. One of the boys lit out, and when he came back we wanted to know what made him run so. He said he saw a man astride a shell parting the brush. That settled it. If this is seen by any of the old 7th boys, I would like to have them write up old times.

Henry Churchill, 6th Kan., Phillipsburg, Kan.:

I am a reader of the BLADE and I love to read the CAMP FIRE. I was a member of the 6th Kansas. I enlisted in the spring of 1862. I enlisted in the 25th Missouri, and was captured at Lexington. I agree with Mr. Dorsey in regard to Col. Peabody. He was brave and good, and he fell fighting in front of his regiment at Shiloh. I would like to hear from some of the old members of the 6th Kansas. I have never met any of my old company since we left "Dixie." Let us still rally around the old flag, which still floats over a free country, and vote the straight Republican ticket, and I am glad that we can vote against the sale of intoxicating liquors. Comrades, let us rally, with our long-ranged rifles and our sabres cutting right and left, and let us make a bold charge on the great enemy that is dragging so many men down to ruin and causing them to forget their wives and children.

J. Montgomery, Harper, Iowa:

I was a soldier of the 2d Iowa cavalry. I served three years and have voted the straight Republican ticket ever since. We are having

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on a separate sheet, directed to the Question Bureau, and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it, and if it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the next issue. The question bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to demand a reply. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of one man, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

Sub., Chicago: The safest plan is to consult a good lawyer.

Ex P. M., Oxford, Ia., informs the BLADE that the United States Official Postal Guide is now published by Gallagher & Co., Chicago.

E. A. D., White House, N. J.:
Was local option one of the features of the Scott law?
Yes.

M. D. H., Polk City, Iowa: The history of the Hackney Draft has been given several times in this department. The poem you ask for cannot be found.

P. S., Cobleskill, N. Y.:
Where can I get a book entitled "Women of the Bible?"
Try Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo.

W. A. B., Laceyville, O.: Do not let Dr. N.'s predictions about the weather frighten you. He was merely gossiping with an imaginative reporter, and had no idea that his "theory" would get this far.

Ajax, Tiffin, O.:
To whom should I write for information in regard to the Chautauqua Reading Circle and its course?
Address Secretary C. L. S., Chautauqua, N. Y.

C. C. M., Dover, Ill.:
Will the BLADE please give a description of the National banking system?
The BLADE has explained the system so often that it ceases to be excused from republishing the matter.

A. C. H., Barham, Ark.:
1. When was Uruguay declared an independent republic? 2. Who took out the first patent for a locomotive steam engine in the United States?
1. In 1828. 2. William Howard, of Baltimore, December 10, 1828.

E. H., Wapella, Ia., gives the following directions for the care of paint brushes; "When not in use they should lay in water, to clean them of paint. Put as much kerosene oil in an old can as you desire to wash the hold of the handle of the brush, put it in, rub on the bottom; it will clean them in less than a minute. If I had known as much years ago, it would have saved me much labor and soap."

S. B. O., Roberts, Wis.:
What effect has now the Pacific railroads stand financially with the government.
As we understand the matter, bonds to the amount of $64,623,512 have been issued; accrued interest thereon, $1,600,000; interest unpaid, $58,340; interest paid by the United States, $65,033,249; interest repaid by companies, about $20,000,000. Late debt statements do not include the account with the Pacific railroads.

L. R. D., South Hero, Vt.:
1. Is the book "Was he Tried by Jury in Exile" offered with the BLADE, in paper binding or cloth? 2. Has the Confederate Cross-Roads preacher's writings since the war been published in book form? 3. John Habberton, once associate editor of the BLADE and author of "Andersonville," has written a book, "Real Acorn." Where can I get it?
1. Cloth. 2. No. 3. Of Brown Eager & Hull, Toledo, O.

L. C. K., North Springfield, Pa.:
1. Is there another man held as high a rank in the army as Gen. Grant? 2. How many men hold the office of lieutenant general at the present time?
1. The rank of general was created for Grant. Washington was lieutenant general, and the rank was revived for Grant in 1864. Sherman was general from March 4, 1869, to November 1, 1883. Phil p H. Sheridan is the only lieutenant general.

M. L., Toledo, O.:
1. Please inform us when Mr. Hurd's time expires as Congressman, and what date he ceases to receive pay, and what time Mr. Romeis commences to have pay. 2. How are Congressmen paid—monthly or quarterly?
1. Mr. Hurd's term expired March 4, 1885. His pay ceased from that date. Mr. Romeis has probably been drawing pay since. Congressmen pay monthly, by warrant drawn on the treasury department, or the sergeant-at-arms advances pay, if requested. Mileage is only paid at the beginning of sessions, however.

W. W., Parsons, Kan.:
Please give us a plain and easily understood definite statement of the debt reduction by months and monthly, and what money is accumulating in the treasury, headed with large letters. Those debt statements get the Democrats badly.
The BLADE cannot give any other debt statement than the one furnished by the treasury officials. That will be found in its columns every month. It will not add anything to its beauty to have a flaming head over it. Space in the BLADE is too valuable. "Figures won't lie."

G. H. M., Newburyport, Mass.:
Tell me all that you can have space for about Los Angeles, Cal.
Los Angeles was settled by the Spaniards in 1781, and was called Pueblo de los Angeles, "town of the angels," from the excellence of its climate and the beauty of its surroundings. It is the capital of Los Angeles county, situated on the west bank of Los Angeles river, a small stream, 30 miles above its entrance into the Pacific, and 350 miles from San Francisco, with which city it is connected by railroad. Population in 1850, 1,610; in 1870, 5,728; in 1880, 11,183. The city is well supplied with newspapers, banks and schools. Oranges, lemons and figs flourish in the open air, and it has extensive vineyards. Wine and wool are the chief articles of export. The climate is very healthy, and many invalids visit the place.

M. B., Science Hill, Ky., writes: "Wild Bill was born in LaSalle county, Ill., May 27, 1837. His real name was James B. Hickok. His earliest desire was for firearms, and at the age of 8 he constructed a little single-barreled pistol, with this he spent all his leisure hours in marksmanship; at the age of 18 he went to Kansas, where he joined Jim Lane and the band of 200 men, known as the anti-slavery forces in Kansas; in 1861, while guarding a stable of horses for the Overland Stage company he was attacked by a party of ten desperadoes who sought to take the horses for the Confederate service; six were killed upon the spot, and two mortally wounded, while Bill himself received serious injuries. Bill, in relating the circumstances of the fight, said he got perfectly wild, hence he received the name of Wild Bill, which followed him to the grave. He afterwards acted as spy for Gen. Curtis, and went into Texas, and remained there three months, the last narrowly escaping with his life. He then engaged in various ways scouting, fighting Indians, etc., and in March, 1876, he was married to Agnes Lake, and in August following was killed by Jack McCall, of Deadwood, Dak. A full account will be found in 'Buel's Heroes of the Plains.'"

C. E. H., Lovington, Ill.:
Please describe the woodchuck and hedgehog, and their habits.
The woodchuck is 15 to 18 inches long, the color varies from blackish to grizzled above, and chestnut red below; the feet are always dark, and the tail blackish, sometimes with grayish rings. The form is thick and clumsy; head large, broad and flat, legs short and thick, and tail short and bushy; the nose is wide, lips full and fleshy, eyes small and dark, ears short; fore legs and naked below; hair rather coarse and whitish, long and stout; there are rudimentary cheek pouches; stomach simple and cæcum large; there are glands just within the rectum, which secrete a sickly offensive fluid. It is found from Hudson bay to South Carolina, and west to the neighborhood of the Rocky mountains. From its voracity and burrowing habits it is often called the ground hog. It digs deep holes in the fields, or sides of hills or under rocks in the woods, in a slanting position, at first upward to keep out the water, with several communications usually with more than one entrance; it passes the winter in the burrow in a lethargic state. The food consists of various plants, fruits and vegetables; they are especially fond of red clover; they frequently sit erect on their haunches at midday, posting sentinels; they are very vigilant, and their sense of hearing is remarkably acute; they are very cleanly, and are easily tamed; they have five or seven young at a birth; they fight boldly, and are more than a match for a dog of equal size. The flesh is rank, but is sometimes eaten. The common hedgehog, when full grown, is about nine inches long, of a heavy form, short limbs, and slow, plantigrade motion; the upper part of the body is covered with sharp prickles about an inch long, arranged in clusters, and crossing and crossing each other, of a brownish black with a white point; the head is clothed with harsh brownish hairs, and the under parts of the body with a dirty white fur; the ears and tail are short, the paws, end of nose and lips are nearly naked; the eyes are prominent and the opening of the ears may be closed by a valvular arrangement of the cartilage; the nose is very prominent and projects beyond the jaws, and ends in a point at the end; the lips are entire, and there are no cheek pouches; the five toes are armed with long nails, the middle the longest, suitable for digging; the soles are covered with naked tubercles, possessing an exquisite sense of touch; the mammæ are ten, six pectoral and four ventral. By means of the development of the panniculus carnosus muscle, belonging entirely to the skin, the animal is able to roll itself into a ball and preserve this attitude as long as it pleases without much effort, even if forcibly rolled over, which, when presenting to its enemies a thorny mass, which the most voracious and powerful beast can not attack. The hedgehog is nocturnal, concealing itself during the day in burrows or natural holes, coming out at night in search of worms, insects, snails, roots and fruits; although possessing such limited intelligence, it has been so far domesticated as to be brought up in gardens, where it proves of small service in destroying noxious insects; the flesh is said to be good eating. The young are born in May, covered with prickles, with eyes and ears closed and about two inches in length. When at rest, the hedgehog has the power of lowering the prickles and of retaining them smooth on a level with the body. This species occurs throughout temperate Europe, and was well known to the ancients. A second species, the long-eared hedgehog, is found in the eastern regions of the Himalaya empire; the ears are nearly as long as the head; the body and limbs are more slender, and the under hair finer than in the preceding species. Like the other species, it hibernates in winter in holes a few inches below the surface of the ground; it can eat cantharides and other vesicating insects with impunity; it grows very fat in autumn, preparatory to its winter sleep. Other species are found in Africa. There is no proper hedgehog in America; the rodent porcupine is popularly armed with quills, but commonly so called in some parts of the United States.

L. H. G., Stuart, Neb.: Secure all the signatures possible to a petition for a postoffice, and forward it to the First Assistant Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. He will tell you what further steps to take.

I. V., Grostant, Ill.:
Is prohibition of the liquor traffic in Vermont by statute or by the constitution?
By statute.

Reader, Canal Winchester, O.: Write to the superintendents of the academies—the names are immaterial—for information. We do not know of any books on the subject.

S. A., Oberlin, O.:
Where can I get McDonald's book on the Whisky Ring?
Try Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

Sub., East Portland:
I have been told that the copper cents of 1812 had gold in them, and had a premium on them. If so, how much?
They are quoted by dealers at two cents.

J. C., Goldsmith, Ind.:
1. What is good for a roaring or noise in the ear? 2. How can tattooing be taken out of the skin that is done with India ink?
1. Do not know. 2. Rub with a salve of pure acetic acid and lard, then with a solution of potash, and finally with hydrochloric acid.

E. A. B., French Creek, West Va.:
1. Where is the book entitled "South American Wanderings" published? 2. Will wild birds of different species mix? 3. How many species of orioles are found in North America?
1. Write to Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O. 2. No. 3. Only one peculiar to the American continent.

Sub., Wellsville, O.:
Does the Catholic church forbid its members joining the G. A. R.?
As the BLADE understands the matter, each diocese has its own laws governing the matter. In Toledo, some of the priests belong to the organization.

J. B. S., Fort Madison, Ia.:
There is a controversy as to whether "Sam" Jones, the great evangelist, is not a negro, or has some negro blood.
Mr. Jones is a white man, born in Alabama in 1847. He comes of a family of Methodist preachers.

M. L., Farmers, Ky.:
I have been afflicted with cramp since last February. The good old BLADE has published many good cures. I trust you will give one for cramps.
Mix two drachms chloroform, one drachm oil of camphor, six drachms mucilage of gum arabic, and one and one-half grains acetate of morphine. Dose, 40 drops every two hours.

L. B., Fairfield, Iowa:
1. Can you give the names of the emigrants who came over with William Penn? 2. What paintings of Benjamin West's are in this country? 3. How are manuscripts sent by mail, as they say they must not be rolled?
1. No; there were about 100. 2. Copies of his best works are to be found in Philadelphia, Boston and New York. 3. In packages, we suppose.

D. J. N., Barnum, Tex.:
Did the "third term" question ever come before Congress? If so, what was the result?
It came up in the House, in December, 1876, in the shape of a resolution offered by Mr. Springer, in these words: "That, in the opinion of this House, the precedent established by Washington and other Presidents, in retiring from the Presidential office after the second term, has become, by universal concurrence, a part of our republican system of government, and that any departure from this time-honored custom would be unwise, unpatriotic, and fraught with peril to our free institutions." The resolution was agreed to—yeas, 234; nays, 18; not voting, 35.

Charlie, Akron, O.: As you have subscribed for the BLADE, it will not take you many months, if you are a foreigner, to find out the difference between the two parties in this country. Read the platforms, speeches, etc., and you will see that the Democrats generally favor free trade, while the Republicans insist that the protective tariff, under which the country has prospered, shall be maintained and our workingmen and manufacturers be protected from the ruinous competition of the underpaid labor of Europe. There are also other questions dividing the parties, as you will discover by reading the BLADE.

H. C. D., Brooks, Kan.:
What are the duties of a United States railroad commissioner?
The commissioner of railroads is charged with prescribing a system of reports to be rendered to him by the railroad companies, whose roads are in whole or in part west, north, or south of the Missouri river, and to which the United States has granted any loan of credit or subsidy in lands or bonds; to examine the books, accounts, and property of said companies; to see that the laws relating to said companies are enforced; and to examine government directors of any of said railroad companies in all matters which come under their cognizance, whenever they may officially request such assistance.

H. L. S., Beaufort, Mo.:
1. What publishing company would you advise me to apply for the sale of manuscript, and what would be a reasonable price? 2. How can I secure a copyright, and what will it cost?
1. Correspond with all the leading companies, and make the best terms you can. 2. A printed copy of the title of the book must be sent to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C. This must be done before the publication of the book. A fee of $1 must be enclosed. Within ten days after the publication of the book two complete copies must be sent to the Librarian. Without the deposit of the copies the copyright is void, and a penalty of $25 is incurred. There is also a heavy penalty for printing a book as copyrighted when it is not.

A. A. T., Carlisle, Ark.:
Can you give the entire poem containing in one of the lines the stanzas the line: "Breathes there the man with soul so dead," etc? Would like to get the entire poem, but especially the remainder of the verse.
It is from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Walter Scott. Following is the verse:

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there be, go, mark him well;
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

Rubber, Colchester, Conn., writes: "I saw in the last BLADE an inquiry for a method for repairing rubber boots and shoes. I would say, there is no process of doing so that can be used to any advantage. They are made and put together when the gum is soft, that is before it is vulcanized; then they are kept at a heat of 300° Fahrenheit for about six hours, to vulcanize them, before they are vulcanized they are soft, sticky, and a piece can be stuck on anywhere. In fact, if two pieces touch each other at all, it usually results in the destruction of both, if you attempt to separate them. After they are heated they are in the condition in which they are sold. They can be repaired temporarily by dissolving pure rubber in naptha to the consistency of molasses. Then take a piece of an old boot or shoe, pull off the cloth lining (wet with naptha it will come off easier), scrape the boot or shoe clean and rough, and apply the cement to both pieces. Let them dry six or eight hours before putting together, then simply press the the patch firmly down on the place where it is to remain. This is the method of the shoemakers who claim to repair them, and is the best in use, but the patch will come off after awhile. They cannot be mended permanently without remelting."

Sub., Aillarce, O.:
1. How many men had Grant, also Lee, when Lee surrendered? 2. Also the number each one lost? 3. What is the meaning of "E Plurious Unum?"
1. It is said that 27,000 men were included in Lee's capitulation, but it is doubtful if more than 10,000 could have been brought into action. A few weeks before the surrender Lee had 150,000 men on his muster rolls. The whole number of rebels enumerated in the different armies amounted to 174,223. Large numbers, when they found that the Confederacy had collapsed, did not wait for the formal surrender, but at once set out for their homes. For instance, of eight Texas regiments, representing 10,000 troops, only 425 were present at the surrender. Some regiments only had 21 men left. The Army of the Potomac, in Richmond, numbered about 103,373. The entire Federal force, of all arms, officers and men, available for duty, was 202,938. No two statements agree, but there is no available force to contradict Lee's at the close of the war. 3. It would be too tedious to follow up all the different encampments during the war to ascertain the number. The grand aggregate of Union losses from all causes has recently been given as 359,496; but the provost marshal general made this report in 1866: Union soldiers killed in battle, 61,362; died of wounds, 34,787; died of disease, 183,287; total died, 279,376; total deserted, 199,105. Number of soldiers in the Confederate service, who died of wounds or disease, (partial statement), 133,821; deserted, (partial statement), 104,428. Number of United States troops captured during the war, 212,698; Confederate troops captured, 476,169. Number of United States troops paroled on the field, 15,-431; Confederate troops paroled on the field, 248,592. Number of United States troops who died while prisoners, 29,725; Confederate troops who died while prisoners, 24,774. 3. One of many; one composed of many. Very appropriate as the motto of the United States.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will use them, if available, but, they will be returned only if stamps are inclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter PRESERVE ANY MSS., and we will NOT be responsible for any sent us.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

News from One of its Explorers—The Burned-Up Bed of an Ancient Sea—Some Interesting Points Concerning It.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

In your issue of October 8 is an item in reference to the size of the Colorado desert, stating it as only 6,000 or 7,000 acres. This is a serious error. I have expended four years in prospecting this vast desert, and really know very little about it yet, traveling in that time upwards of 12,000 miles in the saddle. No one man ever has, or can become acquainted with the whole of this barren, parched and desolate region. No pen can describe the awful dreariness and solitude of its vast plains and rugged, cactus-clothed mountains, upheaved by tremendous convulsions of nature, scarred with volcanic fires, and torn and riven in every conceivable shape. This region comprises the whole of the eastern half of San Diego county, and the southeastern part of San Bernardino county, reaching into Labajo, California, (pronounced Levaho) 200 miles east and west, by 250 north and south.

It is approached from Los Angeles via the San Gorgonio Pass, 90 miles east of the city. The altitude of this pass is 2,500 feet above the sea, a gradual ascent all the way. Towering high above on each side stand the giant peaks of Old Greylock on the left and San Jacinto on the right (11,000 feet) like grim sentinels at this gateway of inferno, their barren granite summits reared above the clouds, and clothed with almost perpetual snow, guarding this highway of nations, as it must soon become, as it is the direct route from Japan and Australia to Europe.

Nowhere else on earth is such a bleak, barren, desolate view to be met with as here greets the traveler's vision. Range after range of rocky, verdureless mountains bound the horizon far to the eastward. Beneath our feet are the glistening arid wastes of the desert proper, where the bones of many weary prospector lie bleaching in the sun, who perished perhaps for want of water, or, worse still, by the treacherous bullet of one of the murdering, thieving Chimehueva Apaches—his funeral hymn the scorching Norther from the blazing Mojave plains. Such is the country that the travelers view at the sunset hour—the abode of the rattlesnake, the horned toad and the tarantula. The home of the cowardly Chiricanaus, (the pets of Boston humanitarians) who lurk along the trails or solitary watering places, watching an opportunity to murder the daring miner or adventurous tenderfoot. A thrice accursed country, rendered more so by the mystery surrounding the fate of hundreds who started out upon it, lured by the tale of fabulous wealth hidden in its remotest recesses hitherto untrodden by foot of man or leaving its perils from the other side to reach the City of Angels and the lovely valleys of California.

Looking back with a regretful glance the traveler sees the beautiful valley of San Bernardino spread out at his feet, fairer than the famous Shenandoah, dotted with green alfalfa fields, and the thriving homes of less adventurous ones, who prefer to (literally) stay under their own vine and fig tree to risking life and property in the great unknown, properly called by its inhabitants the "Outside," while the vine-clad hills and sunny plains of Los Angeles are known as the "Inside." From the summit of San Jacinto, 11,000 feet above the sea, the desert stops suddenly, within 25 miles, to 280 feet below sea level at Indio. At Seven Palms station, on the S. P. R. R., the desert or plain proper begins. It was formerly the bed of the Gulf of California, reaching to the present head of the gulf, 255 miles to the southeast. The old beach line is plainly visible at the foot of the San Jacinto mountains for miles, while further out at the deepest part, several hundred acres still covered with sharks' bones attest the presence of the sea at no remote period. The drifting sands at the mouth of the Colorado river having blocked the passage into the inner bay and which, once blocked, rapidly dried up. The existence of so large a sheet of water lying inland, and subject to rapid evaporation must have exerted a great influence over the climate of southern California.

Everywhere the careful observer finds proof that the climate of this whole region is becoming dryer and colder. Each year the snow-line is slowly creeping down the mountain sides; the thermal belts found in all the valleys by early settlers are gradually being narrowed down, and finally will disappear altogether. On the summits of many ranges the growth of centuries is dying out (frozen to death) and a newer and hardier springing up in its place. Everywhere old watercourses, that were rushing rivers for ages, are now dry canons, occasionally turned into mad torrents by waterspouts. Large springs that years since supplied water for thousands of Indians, and before them were utilized for irrigation by a race our equals in civilization and long since vanished from the earth, are now dried up and afford scarcely enough for a score of Indians. In many places an extensive system of irrigation over thousands of acre can still be traced, but there is no soul, as dumb; and having engaged in work direct route from Japan and Australia to Europe. Nowhere else on earth is such a bleak, barren, desolate view to be met with as here greets the traveler's vision. Range after range of rocky, verdureless mountains bound the horizon far to the eastward. Beneath our feet are the glistening arid wastes of the desert proper, where the bones of many weary prospector lie bleaching in the sun, who perished perhaps for want of water, or, worse still, by the treacherous bullet of one of the murdering, thieving Chimehueva Apaches—his funeral hymn the scorching Norther from the blazing Mojave plains. Such is the country that the travelers view at the sunset hour—the abode of the rattlesnake, the horned toad and the tarantula. The home of the cowardly Chiricanaus, (the pets of Boston humanitarians) who lurk along the trails or solitary watering places, watching an opportunity to murder the daring miner or adventurous tenderfoot. A thrice accursed country, rendered more so by the mystery surrounding the fate of hundreds who started out upon it, lured by the tale of fabulous wealth hidden in its remotest recesses hitherto untrodden by foot of man or leaving its perils from the other side to reach the City of Angels and the lovely valleys of California.

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For the Boys.

The way in which a boy uses his leisure often determines what sort of a man he will be. Two men stood at the same table in a large factory in Philadelphia, working at the same trade. Having an hour for their nooning every day, each undertook to use it in accomplishing a definite purpose; each persevered for about the same number of months, and each won success at last. One of these two mechanics used his daily leisure hour in working out the invention of a machine for sawing a block of wood into almost any desired shape. When his invention was complete he sold the patent for a fortune, changed his workman's apron for a broadcloth suit and moved out of a tenement house into a brown-stone mansion. The other man—what did he do? Well, he spent an hour each day during most of a year in the very difficult undertaking of teaching a little dog to stand on his hind feet and dance a jig while he played a tune. At last accounts he was working ten hours a day at the same trade and at his old wages, and finding fault with the fate that made his fellow-workman rich while leaving him poor. Leisure minutes may bring golden grain to mind as well as purse, if one harvest wheat instead of chaff.

The Fish Production of the World.

If Mulhall's statistics are reliable, says an angling journal, there are not far short of 160,000 vessels engaged in Europe and North America in fishing. Between 600,000 and 700,000 men are employed in this industry, and the total annual product of fish is not short of 1,500,000 tons. Few people realize the meaning of these latter figures. A ton of fish is equal in weight to about 28 sheep; and hence, if Mulhall's estimate is approximately correct, a year's fish supply for ten European countries, included in this estimate, and the United States and Canada might be represented by 42,000,000 sheep. Of this amount the United Kingdom, Canada, Russia and the United States alone aggregate 1,000,000 tons, equivalent to 28,000,000 sheep. It has been truly said that we talk in a metaphor of the harvest of the sea, but we have only lately been able to realize what the metaphor means. The Fisheries exposition in London in 1883 did a great deal to encourage the study of marine biology, and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that we are able to say that in this much-needed work the United States ranks second to no other country.

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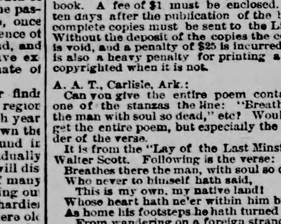

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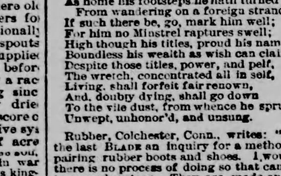

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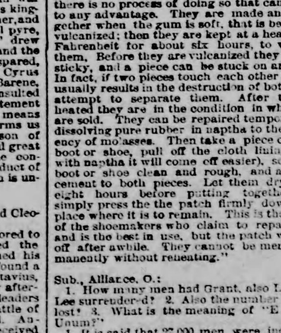

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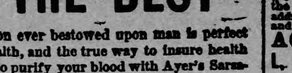

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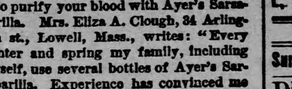

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Circulation Last Week, 121,000.

RAILWAY BUILDING AND HARD TIMES.

A letter in the *Railway Age*, of Chicago, by Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, of Boston, discusses the influence of railway building on the employment of labor, and gives some facts and figures which are of interest. In 1882 we built 11,500 miles of railway, and that year wages were at the highest point since the crash of 1873. The average cost for 1882, with high wages and extravagant methods of building, he estimates at $50,000 per mile—a total of $345,000,000 for that year. He estimates the total number of persons employed at 766,000, earning an average of $450 each per year.

Last year we built less than 4,000 miles of railway, and Mr. ATKINSON'S estimates put the total cost of this at $100,000,000, or $25,000 a mile; and that 250,000 persons were employed, at an average rate of $400 per year. That is, 515,000 wage-workers were not needed in this kind of labor as compared with 1882, who were compelled to find other and most probably less profitable employment, or who remained idle the whole or a portion of the time. The entire cutting off, or the reduction of their wages from loss of time or from less profitable employment, reduced their purchasing ability, and their consumption of food, clothing, and a vast variety of other articles, and would be an important factor in the stagnation of business.

As will be seen, Mr. ATKINSON'S figures bear out the statement so often made that railroad building is an unfailing index of the condition of trade and labor. Hence his prognosis for the coming year is of great interest. During the nine months of 1885 ending October 1, 9,248 miles of new railroad were undertaken, of which at that time only 2,000 miles had been completed, leaving 7,248 in course of construction. Assuming that this is building under conditions of the strictest economy, he considers that it will cost a total of $150,000,000, employing from 375,000 to 400,000 men, earning from $375 to $400 a year. At the low rates prevailing for the necessaries of life, he considers the lower wages will buy about as much as the higher wages of former years. It will thus be seen that the situation is more favorable than last year, while the indications for the extension of railway lines next year are very good. There is a similar promising outlook for other important industrial branches, and his conclusion is that if the business and financial condition of the country is not depressed by unfavorable legislation by Congress this winter, we may expect 1886 to be a year of very great activity and corresponding prosperity.

MINISTER PENDLETON is making an effort to secure a better understanding with Germany as to the proper construction to be given to the Bancroft treaty. BISMARCK does not love the United States and is now interpreting that treaty most severely against all German Americans who left that country before entering the military service, who, it is stated, have been notified that their residence there must be limited to a few months, and that if they in any particular way, during even that short time, shall become troublesome or disagreeable they will be subject to receive notice at any time to leave the country. This notice, of course, is to be limited to those German-Americans who left Germany before military service was due from them, or left their native country for the purpose of avoiding that service. It is claimed that this is in direct violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the Bancroft treaty. By the treaty citizens of the two countries were upon an exactly equal footing, both as to naturalization and the renunciation of naturalization. But according to the late advices from Germany the North German government now chooses to make a difference as to those who have performed their military duty in Germany and those who have not. The interpretation he is now disposed to give the treaty is certainly not justified by anything in its language, and it is undoubtedly this fact which has caused Minister PENDLETON to endeavor to secure its modification.

ENGLAND is in trouble over the depression in her flax spinning trade. The great mill at Leeds that employs over 2,000 operatives is threatened with closure, and other mills have already suspended. Capitalists engaged in this industry are closing out with the purpose of removing their investments to the United States where they can have the benefit of the tariff laws, to protect them from the ruinous competition that free trade brings them in England. Germany, having adopted protective measures, finds her merchants are wonderfully stimulated, and are developing great enterprise and sagacity. They are competing with some of England's most cherished industries.

IT is probable that the opposition in the incoming House of Representatives to the passage of a Mexican treaty enabling act will be much more formidable than it was in the last House. The opponents of the treaty claim that Mexican-American railroads, instead of increasing the commerce from the United States to Mexico, have rather diminished it, the chief advantage of these railroads accruing to Mexico.

CANADA is in a perilous financial condition. The governmental expenses for 1885 will be $35,300,000, while the total revenue is but $33,000,000. The policy of the government must be changed or the Dominion will be in the condition of a man who pays out more than he receives—in danger of bankruptcy.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE most remarkable feature of the business situation last week was the improvement in the iron and steel industries. The demand for pig-iron is more general and firmer, and the buoyant feeling extends to all branches of this great industry. Steel rails have made an advance, and the mills are said to have enough business in sight to run them the remaining two months of 1885. The prospects for 1886 are bright, and the rail mill men anticipate a very busy year. The movement of general merchandise is no heavier than before, but the tenor of the reports from all distributing points is that with the existing rate of purchases by country consumers another period of noticeable activity is certain to follow.

THE condition of the New York reserves is an unerring pointer in the direction of better times. Last July it reached the enormous total of $64,500,000. Some twelve or fifteen millions of this was the certain percentage on their liabilities which the banks are required to keep on hand in cash. All above this was idle money on deposit—stored away in the bank vaults awaiting profitable opportunities for investment in business. With the improvement in the trade outlook this vast surplus began to diminish, and it is now reduced to $28,500,000. This means that $36,500,000 of idle money has been poured into the currents of business since July, and it is one of the best possible evidences of a revival of confidence and the turn of the tide toward a period of activity and consequent prosperity.

THE business failures of the past week, according to DUN'S report, foot up 201 in the United States and Canada, an increase of 27 over the previous seven days.

THE President has issued a pronunciamento to office-seekers, declaring that for the past eight months a large portion of his time has been taken up in listening to applications for office, and that he can stand no more of it; therefore, after November 1, he will not receive office-seekers or their advocates. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 10 to 11 a. m., he will receive persons who call on "strictly public business," and at 1:30 p. m. on those days will meet those who call to pay their respects. At all other times he will receive only cabinet officers and heads of departments. The spoilsmen will now take to writing letters, we fancy.

FERDINAND WARD'S sentence was the extreme penalty of the law for the offence for which he was indicted—ten years imprisonment at hard labor. The punishment is not quite enough for so unconscionable a villain as WARD, but it will have a wholesome effect in New York, where the ability of the law to deal with wealthy scoundrels according to their deserts had begun to be doubted.

MRS. GRANT has written a letter in response to one of inquiry from the New York monument committee, in which she says the body of Gen. GRANT will not be removed from Riverside Park, as New York was the general's preference, is the choice of the family, and as she expects to reside the remainder of her life in that city.

THE dissolution of the English Parliament is announced to take place November 18, and the elections follow the week after. It is utterly impossible to forecast the result. The Tories are making an exceedingly dull canvass, with the exception of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, while the Liberal party, though more active, is divided against itself. When Mr. GLADSTONE begins his election addresses, the factions may unite.

THE necessity of giving Home Rule to Ireland is becoming more and more apparent to Englishmen, and its accomplishment is in the near future. The great difficulty has been to give her control of her own affairs without setting her up as an independent nation. Mr. PARNELL'S idea is, however, generally accepted, and that is the power to make the laws that affect the Irish people alone. An army and navy is not asked for, but liberty to rule Ireland as Canada and Australia rule themselves. That this should be yielded is beginning to be strongly felt, but the great question is how it can be accomplished safely.

SWITZERLAND has become too hot for the German socialists. The sturdy people of the little republic are unwilling to have their country made the hatching place of European plots. The discontented Teutons who dream of dynamite, and who have hitherto used the valleys of the Alps as hiding places and the headquarters of revolution, must find another asylum. They have decided upon England, and henceforth the work will be done there.

THERE seems little probability of an early settlement of the Eastern question. The conference at Constantinople is almost sure to be a failure. Russia, Germany and Austria will decline to discuss the situation from any other standpoint than that of the Berlin treaty, while England, France and Italy are decided in favor of considering the union of Bulgaria and Roumania as an accomplished fact, not to be interfered with. Both sides are equally determined, so that it seems probable that Turkey will have to settle the affair herself. She is trying to put her army in the best possible condition and it is very likely will fight for the restoration of her power, and the struggle will be a severe one. Should she not do so, it will simply allow the political game which the Powers are playing to go on, until one or the other shows its hand too plainly and causes a general explosion. Either way the end is not yet.

THE Balkan states, especially Servia and Bulgaria, seemed to be more disturbed by jealousy of one another than by fear of what the Powers may do to detract from their consequence. The Servian Premier has appealed to the latter to compel peace in accordance with the Treaty of Berlin. If Bulgaria can be kept from adding to her strength through the revolution, Servia is willing to let go of her ambitious projects. This is one of elements that will cause their downfall when the "grab game" comes to be played by the Great Powers.

LOUIS RIEL and twenty-four of his fellow-prisoners have made a piteous appeal for money, in which they recite how their lands were given to speculators, their prayers disregarded, and how they were told that their petitions would be answered with bullets. The Queen has declined to interfere in his case, and is understood to have left the matter in the hands of Lord LANSDOWNE, Governor General of Canada.

HOW PROHIBITION AFFECTS CITIES.

We ask all those who fear that the killing out of the Rum business would work against the interests of cities and be detrimental, generally, to business, to read the following from the Iowa State *Register*, Des Moines, Iowa:

The opponents of Prohibition have rung the changes upon "business stagnation" and "decrease in city revenue" until they are worn threadbare, and observing men are beginning to cast up for themselves the columns of profit and loss. They said with much reiteration that the enforcement of such a measure would leave a large number of valuable store rooms vacant, that such a state of affairs would bring rents so ruinously low that men of means could no longer afford to build, and the growth of the city would be thus greatly retarded if not entirely killed. They have also pointed with awe struck faces to the $60,000 of city revenues that were to be lost, and asked in sad tones, "What will you fellows do when it comes to making that up in taxes?"

Regarding their first objection, that the rents would be greatly lowered, it may be settled in a moment to the entire satisfaction of any objector if he will only start out in search of a desirable location for any business. He will find them all taken while the building is yet in prospect, and at figures that do not indicate any great stagnation in business. The principal streets of the city are a constant refutation of the charge that all building would cease, and the character of these buildings is such as, in every instance, to do credit to the city. The buildings they are replacing were never anything but a disgrace to the city and its citizens, though so long as the existence of a license law enabled their owners to draw big rents for their disreputable old sheils no improvement could be expected.

It does not take any great stretch of the memory to recall the time when there existed a sort of den on the corner of the alley between Fifth and Sixth streets and on Walnut. In fact there were several of them together, a constant source of annoyance to the citizens generally, and one of them in particular a refuge for the worst classes that infest Des Moines. All efforts toward the abatement of this nuisance were fruitless, as the owner could draw rents enough each year to more than pay for his buildings, and why should he care to invest more capital without a prospect for corresponding returns? But the prohibitory law curtailed this source of revenue, and in the place of these old rotten crazy to-day stand two as fine blocks as ornament the city. Buildings that cost thousands of dollars, and that contain stocks of goods aggregating many thousands more, any of which would be a credit to any city, have thus taken the place of the low dives representing a capital of but a very few dollars in money, and a great many in the cost of criminal prosecutions. Another notable instance of the improvement brought about by this law is to be found in the transformation of the southwest corner of Sixth and Walnut. No one can fail to remember the hideous old hulks that adorned this corner in years gone by, nor the character enjoyed by the same. Strenuous efforts were made to have them removed, but the "Dutchman's one per cent." again proved too strong, and they held on year after year, a constant eyesore to all intelligent citizens. In their place there stands to-day one of the finest blocks in the West, representing a cost of thousands of dollars, and soon to contain a clothing house representing a clean million in capital. These are but a few of the more striking examples of the change already effected right in the heart of this wicked city. If any lesson can be learned from these examples it would seem to be that a step had been taken in the right direction. The change seems to mean elegant and substantial business blocks, costing thousands of dollars, and adding greatly to the beauty of the city, taking the place of tumble-down old shanties that cumbered the ground upon which they leaned and were an never ending disgrace to the entire city. It seems to mean millions of dollars invested in legitimate and growing business rather than a twenty-five dollar stock in trade with a back door opening upon the sneol of the new revision. It seems to mean a class of wealthy, enterprising business men, who will find it their best and only policy to build up the city, as opposed to a set of thugs and toughs who live off the slums and devote every energy of a diseased existence to tearing down all that is manly in man or makes life worth living. In short, it points the way to an active, healthy and vigorous growth of the city, based upon the well-established laws of such growth, which guarantee permanence, as opposed to that mushroom existence, which is bat for a night and must involve others in its inevitable fall.

The BLADE, for years, has tried to impress this fact upon the minds of business men. The money spent for Rum is taken directly from legitimate business and is worse than sunk, for the very simple reason that the consumer of intoxicants devotes all that he earns to the gratification of this one appetite, and he does not earn half as much as he would were he free from the curse, for the habit incapacitates him for labor. The rum drinker consumes nothing but Rum, he pays for nothing else, he works for nothing else. It requires to start a clothing store a decent building and some thousands of dollars in money, and a successful clothing merchant employs many men. It requires to start a gin mill or a beer shop a tumble-down shanty, and $10 worth of poison, and one man is enough to do a business which absorbs the earnings of twenty men, and prevents twenty families from swelling the volume of legitimate occupations. The grocer, butcher, tailor, dress-and and everybody else who does a legitimate business is robbed by the Rum traffic.

As it is in Des Moines so it is everywhere. The destruction of the Rum traffic has built up and strengthened every other trade in that city. The shanties in which whisky was sold have been torn down, and in their places have risen large and imposing structures. A shanty is good enough for whisky and beer, but it will not answer for the dry goods and grocery stores which the destruction of whisky and beer make possible. The victim of the beer habit does not buy dry goods and groceries, he buys nothing but beer. Beer kills out everything that is good, useful and comfortable. It is to business an Upas tree, which blight everything that comes under its deadly influence. It robs every other employment. Prior ro Prohibition there were 360 just such places as the Des Moines *Register* describes in Portland, Maine, a city of 40,000 population. The same fear was expressed that these 360 houses would be left vacant, and that the effect upon real estate would be disastrous. What is the fact? The ground upon which stood the 360 miserable dens, which were supported by forced levies upon the labor of the city, is now occupied by respectable buildings, and used for legitimate business. The city is ten times as prosperous as it was before, workingmen either own their own houses or pay rent promptly for their residences, and Portland, despite its disadvantages, is one of the most prosperous and pleasant cities in the Union. Prohibition has saved the city from ruin.

What Prohibition did for Portland it is doing for Des Moines, and it will do the same thing for every state that adopts it and enforces it. Business men, above all others, have a direct interest in this matter, and they above all others should do what they can to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

Don't let your subscription expire, but renew in advance of the date on your label. And when you renew send in

GEN. GEO. B. M'CLELLAN.

The telegraph last Thursday brought the news of the death of Gen. MCCLELLAN, on the previous night, of heart disease, at Orange Mountain, New Jersey. Many an old soldier's heart will be saddened at the news that "Little Mac," once the idol of the Army of the Potomac and of the nation, has passed away. For a time he was the most notable military figure of the country, though his fame soon paled before the glory of the great generals of the West—GRANT, and SHERMAN, and their glorious band of subordinate commanders to whose combined efforts the military power of rebeldom at last succumbed.

GEORGE BRINTON MCCLELLAN, the son of a noted Pennsylvania physician, was born at Philadelphia, December 3, 1826, and was consequently nearing his 59th birthday. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1842, and from West Point Military Academy in 1846, standing second in his class, and being then made brevet second lieutenant in the engineer corps. In the Mexican war he served with distinction, winning promotion for bravery in action, and coming out at the close a brevet captain. He did much government engineering work during succeeding years, and in 1855-6, being then captain of artillery, he was one of the military commission which visited the seat of war in the Crimea.

In 1857 he resigned from the army and for three years was vice president and chief engineer of the Illinois Central railroad; in 1860 he became president of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad (from Cincinnati to St. Louis), which position he held at the opening of the war. He was commissioned as a major general of volunteers by the governor of Ohio, and placed by the government in command of the "department of Ohio," composed of the three states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, with the western portions of Virginia (now West Virginia) and Pennsylvania. On May 14, 1861, he was commissioned major general in the regular army, and went into the field in what is now West Virginia, with Gens. J. D. COX and ROSECRANS as subordinates. Within two months the rebels were all cleared out of that section, for which he received the thanks of Congress.

These successes endeared MCCLELLAN to the nation, and there was universal content when, after the first Bull Run disaster, he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, and on November 1, 1861, upon the resignation of Gen. SCOTT, he was appointed general-in-chief. The people of the North were eager for a forward movement. "On to Richmond!" was the cry. But MCCLELLAN did not deem it wise to attempt offensive movements with undisciplined troops. He reorganized and drilled the army, formed engineer and bridge trains, established the topographical, medical, quartermaster's, subsistence, ordnance and provost-marshal's departments, and instituted signal and telegraphic corps; besides this he planned and executed an elaborate system of defensive works for the city of Washington.

By March, 1862, he had 231,000 well-drilled and equipped men in the field, with 820 pieces of artillery and the proper complement of cavalry, and was ready to take the field. His theory of the "form of the war"—the best disposition of an invading force to crush the Confederacy—was, in brief, this: that as the rebels had chosen Virginia as their battle-field, we should make the first great struggle there; besides this, there should be a movement made down the Mississippi, a movement to drive the rebels out of Missouri, and a third movement through Kentucky into Eastern Tennessee, to aid the Union men in that section, and to seize the railroad line from Memphis to the East. The army of the Potomac, in his view, had the main work to perform; the other measures were but of a secondary nature.

The irresistible logic of events showed that he was in error in laying out the "form of the war." He did not recognize the importance of the Mississippi river, the grand water highway from the North to the Gulf. He did not see that the Cumberland and the Tennessee, two navigable rivers, their mouths a few miles apart, and in our possession, opened a way to the center of the Confederacy, and to the interior railway lines of communication between its parts. The war was decided when the Mississippi was conquered, and Atlanta was reached. The final struggle in Virginia was but a slow yielding to the inevitable.

So MCCLELLAN went down into the Virginia peninsula, besieged and captured Yorktown. Then came his victories at Williamsburg and Hanover Courthouse, and he advanced to the line of the Chickahominy river, and opened the campaign against Richmond. He decided to retreat to the James river, and the series of battles—Mechanicsville, Gaines's Mill, Savage's Station, Peach Orchard, White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill—followed, called the "seven days' retreat," after which he fell back to Harrison's Landing.

HALLECK was now made general-in-chief, and ordered MCCLELLAN to return to Yorktown, while the rebel LEE moved northward, defeating POPE at the second Bull Run. LEE'S invasion of Maryland followed, and MCCLELLAN defeated him at Antietam, September 17. The dissatisfaction at MCCLELLAN'S slow movements culminated in his being superseded by BURNSIDE on November 7. He was ordered to proceed to Trenton, N. J., to await further orders, and this was the close of his military career.

Here he remained inactive until 1864, when the Democratic convention nominated him for the Presidency on a platform which declared the war for the suppression of the rebellion a failure. He received the electoral votes of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky—22 in all—and less than 45 per cent. of the popular vote. On the day of the election, November 4, 1864, he resigned his commission. After an European trip, he returned to his residence in New Jersey (where he died), and did considerable engineer work. He served one term as governor of New Jersey, being elected on the Democratic ticket.

We have neither time nor space to-day to discuss the disputed question of his military merits. The controversy will doubtless be revived by his death, and the old discussion be gone over again. Briefly, however, it seems to us that he failed, not through lack of personal courage, but because he was over-cautious. He was eternally on the defensive. His troops were forever digging up [illegible] hand oftener than the musket. His engineer training gave him too much faith in defensive fortifications. He forgot that while he was drilling men, accumulating stores, and throwing up intrenchments, his foe was doing the same thing, and after months had been thus employed, the relative strength of the opposing forces remained the same. The men who came out of the war with the victor's crown were those who made their preparations for attack, not for defense.

CONGRESS AND THE SILVER QUESTION.

The silver question is looming up as one of the matters demanding prompt settlement at the hands of Congress this winter. Much curiosity is expressed as to the ground that CLEVELAND will take in his message, but no one can predict with certainty what it will be. So far as Sec. MANNING is concerned, it is declared, on authority, that he will at least take radical ground favoring a thorough revision of the BLAND law, if not actually urging its repeal. Treasurer of the United States JORDAN will devote much of his report to a fierce onslaught on the silver dollar. He has a number of clerks gathering facts for that document, and it is said he will give an exhaustive argument against the silver dollar, to prove that it is impracticable as currency, and detrimental to the financial welfare of the country. That is, his ground will be that of the gold monometalists. And the fact seems to be that there are many Southern and Western members of Congress who are at the other extreme, being silver monometalists, whose theories, if carried out, would reduce the dollar of our currency to the bullion value of the silver dollar, which is now but 79 35 cents.

For every interest of the great mass of the people, there is danger in either. The silver dollar must not be abolished, nor must the value of the dollar of commerce be reduced to 79 cents *In medio tutissimus ibis*—the middle course is the safest. We believe that we need a coinage of both metals—gold and silver. The only danger—though it is a real one, and one that must be promptly guarded against, is that arising from the wide and growing difference between the intrinsic values of the gold dollar and the silver dollar. That danger is, that gold will jump to a premium, and that values will be measured by the 79-cent silver coin. The moment that this occurs, the price of everything that we buy—clothing, food, fuel, and the thousand and one articles of daily need, including rents, etc., will rise 21 per cent. But the enormous number of people who receive pay for their labor will be paid in a dollar which has only the purchasing power of 79 cents. "But salaries and wages will rise also, to meet the depreciation in the dollar?" No. Wages are the first thing to fall, the last to rise; and everything is unfavorable for a rise at present. Why? For the same reason that there is no likelihood of the price of wheat rising 21 per cent.—because there is too much of it in this country. The labor market is overcrowded. So long as there are men driven by the hard spur of poverty to accept anything which will afford them the most meager sustenance, the rate of wages can not experience a general rise. The result of such a crash as would follow a change in the value of a dollar would be disastrous to all, and worst of all to the wage-worker.

There is, fortunately, a clear and safe middle course which can be pursued, and which will avoid all danger. It is simply to put a dollar's worth of silver into a dollar. If the silver and the gold coins were of the same value, or within a few cents of the same value, there would be no possible danger of a disarrangement of values. This is the solution that will eventually be reached, we believe, and the sooner Congress arrives at that point the better it will be for the country.

Right here comes in the demagogue, the inflationist, the cheap-money crank, crying, "Why not out 21 cents off the gold dollar, instead of adding 21 cents' worth of silver to the silver dollar?" Simply because all values at present are reckoned by the gold dollar. The silver dollar to-day buys as much as the gold dollar; but the danger is, that they will part company. To reduce the gold coin to the intrinsic value of the standard silver dollar would be to precipitate the crash at once that the country is seeking to avoid.

THE Chicago *Times*, in an editorial on MCCLELLAN'S qualities as a leader, expresses what will probably be the verdict of posterity in these words:

He planned better than he performed. He displayed powers of the first order in making an army and in planning a campaign; but powers of a good deal lower in dealing with an enemy in the field, handled by a mere intrepid and audacious commander. His faculties presented the defect of a proper balance. If to his remarkable organizing faculty, clear judgment, and prudent forethought, he had added the intrepidity, the quick audacity of commanders that were his inferiors in the former faculties, there is hardly room for doubt that McClellan would have been the foremost military figure of the war. Deficiency of the pugilistic propensity conjoined to a mistaken inclination to mix the function of the politician with that of the soldier, were the causes of his failure.

The additional rules regarding the new special delivery postal service confines the matter to be thus delivered to first class—letters, postal cards and sealed packages. Postmasters are not expected to require special delivery messengers to report on Sunday, nor to keep their offices open in any different manner on that day from what is now provided by regulations. Postmasters will be at liberty, however, to deliver special delivery letters arriving on Sunday if their business arrangements can be conveniently adapted thereto.

A GEORGIA ex-rebel sent a $50 Confederate note as a subscription to the New York Grant monument fund. A New York business firm promptly bought the note for $50 in cash, thus taking the edge off the venomous ex-rebel's intended sarcasm.

YOU who approve of the position the BLADE takes upon the great questions of the day should bestir yourselves to widen and broaden its influence. We want to reach a circulation of 200,000 this winter and we are going to do it, if it is possible. See to it that your neighbor takes the BLADE.

NELLIE GRANT SARTORIS authorizes the statement that she has no thought of separating from her husband or applying for a divorce in the English courts.

THE President has issued his proclamation [illegible]

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Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

THE CANADIAN "SCOTT ACT."

Prohibition is making steady progress in the Dominion of Canada. Under a local option law known as the Scott act, it has been adopted in forty-nine counties, and elections are soon to be held in thirty one additional counties and cities. The counties which have adopted the act are distributed as follows: Twelve in Nova Scotia, ten in New Brunswick, eighteen in Ontario, four in Prince Edward's Island, two in Manitoba and three in Quebec. Five of these have voted on the repeal of the act, and in no case has the repeal vote succeeded.

For the benefit of the many readers of the BLADE interested in temperance legislation, we present a summary of the important features of this Canadian law:

From and including May 1, 1885, no person in the county shall expose or keep for sale or in any manner sell or barter any spirituous or other intoxicating liquor or any mixed liquor *as a beverage*, and licenses to be of no avail to render legal any such sale.

Wine may be sold for sacramental purposes on the production of a certificate of a clergyman affirming that it is required for such purposes; intoxicating liquor may be sold for exclusively medical purposes, to be removed from the premises, such sale to be made on certificate of a medical man, having no interest in the sale; also such liquor may be sold for use in some art, trade or manufacture on a certificate signed by two justices of the peace, accompanied by the affirmation of the applicant that the liquor is to be used only for the purpose mentioned in the affirmation. All of which sales can be made only by druggists and other vendors, who may be specially licensed by the Dominion commissioners. But any medical man who gives a certificate for any other than strictly medical purposes shall, on the first offence suffer a penalty of $20 and $40 for the second and every subsequent offence.

It is the duty of such licensed druggists or vendors to file such certificates and keep a register of all such sales, and to make an annual report of such to the collector of inland revenue.

But any producer of cider, licensed distiller or brewer, or any incorporated company authorized to cultivate and grow vines and to sell wine, or any manufacturer of pure native wines, or any wholesale merchant or trader licensed to sell, may sell not less than ten gallons of liquor, or not less than eight gallons of beer, but only to persons believing that such liquor would be forthwith removed out of the county and any adjoining county where the act is in force.

It lies upon such distiller, brewer, trader, etc., in case of prosecution to furnish evidence that such liquor was forthwith removed out of the county and any adjoining county where the act is in force.

The person who violates the act is liable to a fine of $50 on the first offence; $100 on the second; and imprisonment for two months for the third, and every subsequent offense.

In case of any prosecution before the police magistrate, he may grant a warrant to search for any liquor in any place in respect of which such offense has been committed, and may order the liquor seized to be destroyed, if less than twenty gallons, or not more thereof than twenty gallons if more be seized. All kegs or receptacles to the extent aforesaid are also to be destroyed.

There is no appeal from the decision of the police magistrate.

The keeping of liquor for sale shall be inferred, when in any house, room or other place, a bar, counter, beer pump, kegs or any appliance similar to those usually used in taverns, together with any liquor, are found. The passing of money or the consumption of liquor need not be proved to obtain a conviction. Whether the evidence is sufficient for a conviction is wholly in the discretion of the magistrate.

The person prosecuted, or the wife or husband of such person, shall be competent and compellable to give evidence.

Compromising or compounding offenses under the act is a crime punishable with three months imprisonment.

Tampering with witnesses or offering money to or threatening such, or in any way inducing or attempting to induce any witness to absent himself from the trial or to swear falsely is a crime punishable with a fine of $50 for each offense.

In any prosecution it is not necessary that a witness should swear to the precise description of liquor sold or the consideration for such sale to the fact that a sale has taken place *with his own knowledge*, but as soon as the magistrate considers the infraction of the law, complained of, established, he shall put the defendant on his defense, and in default of the defendant establishing a rebuttal, he shall be convicted.

Medical men are allowed to keep liquor for professional use only.

Any prosecution under the act may be brought by or in the name of any person and must be commenced within three months after the alleged offense.

AN interesting fact has just been made public by the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, in connection with Pres. LINCOLN, and his aversion to bloodshed. In February, 1865, just after his return from the Hampton Roads conference, Mr. LINCOLN prepared a message to Congress, recommending the appropriation of $300,000,000, to be apportioned to the slaveholding states, including those in rebellion, in proportion to their slave population, to be distributed to slaveholders, on condition that the rebel states would consent to the abolition of slavery, lay down their arms, and submit to the authority of the United States. LINCOLN thought that 100 days would see the crushing of the rebellion by force of arms, and as the government's war expenses then were about $3,000,000 daily, he preferred to use the estimated cost of war for that time to settle matters peacefully, and save all the lives that would inevitably be lost. Every member of the cabinet opposed his plan, so LINCOLN did not send the message to Congress. Hon. J. P. USHER, of Lawrence, Kan., who was then the secretary of the Interior, confirms the story.

A LETTER just received by the BLADE from Texas on a business matter contains the following in regard to the suppressed vote of the South, which we take the liberty of publishing, although not written with that intention:

I came here a Democrat, voted for Tilden in 1876 and for Hancock in 1880. (I am from New York), but I have seen enough here to satisfy me that Mr. Sherman's statements respecting Southern outrages are sadly too true. Instances can be given sufficient to satisfy the most incredulous.

OUR books, pictures, watches and [illegible]

NASBY.

[illegible] past Nasby. He [illegible]
[illegible] passed through several severe
[illegible] which threatened to swallow the
[illegible] beneath the waves. He spoke of
[illegible] times they had been on the point of
[illegible]ning the iron-clad to the mercy of
[illegible]aves, and how victorious, at last in
[illegible]onflict with the elements, they had
[illegible]ff conquerors in that contest with the
[illegible]hin on the succeeding day. Raising
[illegible]ice and with a terrible earnestness he
[illegible] "This boat is the most remarkable
[illegible] the world has ever seen, and I venture
[illegible] prediction that our children will re-
[illegible] it as a thing sacred." But it
[illegible] with a different fate, and we were soon
[illegible]e the witnesses of the first and last de-
[illegible] of the Monitor.
[illegible]ere were about 60 persons on board,
[illegible]ve spent the night as best we could.
[illegible] ventilation of the monitor, poor at all
[illegible]s, appeared at its worst on this par-
[illegible]lar evening. In vain did I try to
[illegible]p. Late in the evening I made my way
[illegible]e deck. The night was beautiful and
[illegible]r, and I found myself watching the
[illegible]ve spent the night as best we could.
[illegible] ventilation of the monitor, poor at all
[illegible]s, appeared at its worst on this par-
[illegible]lar evening. In vain did I try to
[illegible]p. Late in the evening I made my way
[illegible]e deck. The night was beautiful and
[illegible]r, and I found myself watching the
[illegible]ting and playing of light on the waters
[illegible] wondering what the latest news could
[illegible]rom the army of the Potomac. Morn-
[illegible] came. During the night we had
[illegible]ded Cape Henry, and were now far
[illegible] at sea. The wind freshened, and at
[illegible]e the spray dashed over us, but we
[illegible]hed at the sight of danger and pursued
[illegible]even tenor of our way.
[illegible]Hurrah for the little boat! Hurrah for
[illegible]strong ironclad!" shouted the sailors as
[illegible]rounded Cape Hatteras. The boat
[illegible]ered and seemed to bound forward, as
[illegible]nder a new impulse, but our spirits were
[illegible] dampened with mist and
[illegible]. Everything seemed gloomy. The
[illegible]nes ground at their work; the sky became
[illegible]rly darker, and the moan of the sea
[illegible]s a chill to the stoutest hearts. "What
[illegible]id you do if the Monitor should go
[illegible]nf" I inquired of a soldier; "there is
[illegible]ing but solid iron about the boat, and
[illegible] won't float." The sailor, one of the
[illegible]st, then glanced toward the stormy
[illegible]rs and exclaimed: "From this may the
[illegible] Lord deliver us." We passed a
[illegible]ched day watching the sea as it gath-
[illegible] around the Monitor. It was about
[illegible]time that some one started the tune,
[illegible]n Brown's body," and the merry
[illegible]s of the sailors cheered the men as
[illegible] worked. But the wind increased in
[illegible]gth and the waves in fury, and a
[illegible] wave washed over us, for we were
[illegible]ly on a level with the sea, it seemed
[illegible]e must go to the bottom. In spite
[illegible] pumps the water crept nearer an
[illegible]er to our fires. I descended, in com
[illegible] with a friend, and what a sight me
[illegible]yes. Half filled with water, the ma
[illegible]etal appeared doomed. The captai
[illegible]loathe to leave the boat, but he knew
[illegible]our lives depended upon prompt action
[illegible]ordingly, signals of distress were made
[illegible]rockets thrown up were answered by
[illegible]Rhode Island, in whose tow we were
[illegible] a few minutes later the men prepared
[illegible]wer boats in that terrible, raging sea.
[illegible]v we were rescued I will tell in another
[illegible]er to the CAMP FIRE. I. V. GREEN.
[illegible]ew York city.

Reminiscences of the Fall of Petersburg.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

Some once more to give some incident
the capture of Petersburg, Va. and th
ture of Lee's army.
Prior to April 2, 1865, the army of t
Grant was laying in front of Petersbur
preparing for the final move which wou
close the props to fell out from under th
Confederacy. We could see our corps co
Meader, Horatio O. Wright, sitting cu
top between our picket line and th
Rebs, with his field-glass, and scannin
the rebels' works for several days, and
the pioneers cut the breastworks down
the troops could march out. Everythin
was ready, we were ordered to strike tent
before dark, April 1, 1865, and be
ready to move at a moment's notice.
Then we moved out of our camp after
midnight, and formed in the rear of
our picket line waiting for the hour to come
when the word, "Forward." While we were
hoping the Rebels must have been aware
of what was going on for their pickets would
not fire us a shot now and then. About 4
o'clock on the morning of April 25, the word
"Forward" was given, and the 6th corps,
which had been laying motionless, rose up
and every man clinched his musket and
stood in a firm bearing advanced to the deadly
work that was assigned to him. In front
of them were two lines of abatis tied
together with telegraph wire, but as the
line moved, it was like the
rolling tide of the sea; hurling the
abatis from its place, the troops kept
pushing with a bound swept everything in
front of it of them, then wheeled to the left and
drove the rebels down towards Hatcher's
run where the corps captured several thou-
sand prisoners. Lee had damned the run up
and the Army of the Potomac could not get
across its right flank, and the battle now raged
from its right to left, and Sabbath of April
25 as evidently to see the beginning of the
end of the war.
The rebels fought behind their entrench-
ments with desperation in their effort to re-
gain possession of Ft. Mahone, mounting
seven guns. In the fort A. P. Hill was
killed, and in taking Ft. Mahone, Lieut.-
Col. Prentiss led his 6th Maryland in the
charge, and as he mounted the fort he was
fatally wounded, and his brother, com-
manding the artillery in the fort, was mor-
tally wounded, and both brothers were
found beside each other in the fort. Then
the troops wheeled about and marched after

THE Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, is beginning to scale under the weather, and the work of giving it a protective coating, to prevent further damage, has begun. This coating consists of paraffine and creosote, chemically combined by means of a third substance. It does not evaporate, is not affected by extremes of temperature, acids, alkalies, or destructive gases, and is practically imperishable. The method of application is to heat slowly and carefully the surface of the stone, by means of patent stoves, to the temperature of boiling water. This opens the pores of the stone. The protector, which is solid when cold, is then melted, and at the right moment is applied to the heated surface of the stone. The stone is then reheated and the process is complete. The object of heating is to make the compound penetrate the stone. The effect will be only a slight darkening of the surface. Why should not a similar process be used to protect granite monuments in cemeteries from the effects of the weather, or be applied to ornamental stone fronts of buildings in cities?

AT the recent British Association meeting, Sir LYON PLAYFAIR spoke very strongly of the neglect in public schools or scientific studies and modern languages. To devote years to the acquisition of Latin and Greek, and to learn nothing or next to nothing of scientific truths was not, he thought, true education, and Sir LYON is right. The same fault can be found with American institutions. Not enough time is spent in the sciences and too much with the dead languages. Could the situation be reversed, the average college graduate, whether he followed a profession or entered the arena of trade, would be practically better prepared for his work, because he would possess a broader intelligence.

NOTHING more inhuman can be conceived of than the treatment of the small-pox sufferers in the St. Roche hospital in Montreal. Taking the whole proceedings together from the beginning of the small-pox ravages and it

GRANT ON TILDEN.

A statement was recently made by GEO. W. CHILDS, of Philadelphia, to the effect that GEN. GRANT told him that TILDEN was really elected president in 1876, and should have been inaugurated, instead of HAYES. This has brought out two strong statements in contradiction. Capt. A. E. LEE, of Columbus, HAYES's private secretary while he was governor of Ohio, and afterward consul general at Frankfort, says that he had numerous interviews with GRANT during the summer of 1877, and that the HAYES-TILDEN controversy was frequently discussed. Capt. LEE gives the following as expressing GRANT'S views:

Grant gave me to understand that he had reason to believe Mr. Tilden proposed to come down to Washington and be sworn in as President. Speaking of this, Grant said, in his quiet way, but with an expression of seriousness on his face which indicated that he meant every word he said: "If Mr. Tilden had undertaken to do that I would have hanged him!"

This was told him by Gen. GRANT on more that one occasion, and Capt. LEE thinks that GRANT'S words to him were borne out by his acts during the dispute, and by the fact that he had made thorough preparations to prevent any attempt to inaugurate TILDEN illegally.

Capt. LEE quoted Gen. NOYES as knowing GRANT'S sentiments on the matter, and he has been interviewed in Cincinnati by a *Commercial Gazette* reporter. NOYES declares that Gen. GRANT always assumed that HAYES was fairly elected, and stated to him more than once that if any attempt had been made by the partisans of Mr. TILDEN to interfere with the inauguration of Pres. HAYES, they would have found that more extensive preparations had been made by the government to protect that event than they anticipated. "This," added NOYES, "was said with more than his usual emphasis."

THE commissioner of labor statistics of the state of Iowa, in his recent report, the first made since the establishment of the department, thus discusses the principle of arbitration in labor troubles:

The law of supply and demand is an important truth, but only a fraction of the whole. In the problem of wages there is a minimum below which capital cannot safely go, and should not if it could. We are greatly in the dark on this subject. More light is a just demand. This question of labor and capital is the problem of Iowa, of the nation, of the age, and the world. To discern the truths upon which this problem rests is the question of the hour. There cannot be a nobler work for humanity to undertake than this. There cannot be a more needed one for lawmakers to settle, and, believing that a great step in this direction can be gained, and many disastrous strikes averted and disputes settled by proper arbitration, I respectfully urge that measures be taken by the General Assembly looking to the creation of a board of this nature at an early day.

GEN. SHERMAN says he has all the papers in relation to the GRANT-JOHNSON matter, and proposes to hold on to them at present. He says President Johnson believed the constitution gave him the power to reconstruct the Southern States, and that his controversy was really with Congress, which thought otherwise. Between Congress on one side, and JOHNSON on the other, Gen. GRANT had a very unpleasant time of it, but he does not think that the President intended to proceed to violence, or that Gen. GRANT feared that he would do so. In fact everybody had had all the fighting they wanted.

THE most silly of feminine fashions that has yet come to the front is the short hair mania. It is to be hoped that it will not only be short-lived, but that it will find its devotees solely among the foolish of the sex. A woman's face does not bear the removal of the wealth of silken tresses that is the crowning glory of femininity. A crop-haired girl is a sexless thing; the majority of them look like effeminate boys, while it deprives all of that indefinable charm of modesty, which is their most attractive attribute.

THERE is an agitation commenced in favor of the uniform use of the abbreviations "Rd." and "Ry." for "Railroad" and "Railway" respectively. The proposed abbreviations have the merit of common sense, as "railroad" and "railway" are each single words, while the commonly used abbreviations, "R R" and "R. W." would imply that they were each two words, viz: "Rail Road" and "Rail Way." By all means let us have "Rd." and "Ry."

THE matter of admitting conversations through the telephone as evidence in a court of law was brought to the test in the FISH and WARD case a day or two ago. It was objected to by the defense, but the objection was overruled by Judge BERNARD, upon the ground that a large part of business operations was conducted in that way now, and it was as necessary to receive and prove conversations carried on telephonically as those that were face to face.

THE responses to MANNING'S tariff circular discuss thoroughly several topics chiefly the duties on wools and woolens, on silk, on iron, on steel, on tin plate, and on embroideries and laces. There is a general demand for a change from ad valorem to specific duties, a change Mr. MANNING is said to heartily favor, as effectually preventing the undervaluation frauds which have caused the department so much trouble.

LAWTON, of Georgia, it is now said, is to have the Austrian mission as soon as Congress removes his disabilities. He is the man who was appointed minister to Russia, but declined it, as he was not eligible under the fourteenth amendment to the constitution. He is an "unreconstructed rebel," who has been too stubborn to ask a restoration to citizenship until now, when a fat office is in sight.

SEC. WHITNEY has decided to continue the work on the new steel cruisers at Mr. ROACH'S establishment. The work will be conducted under the direction of the Naval bureau, and therefore Mr. ROACH will not be held responsible for any failure to comply with the terms of the original contract.

MAYOR HARDY, of Lincoln, Neb., has made a great many enemies by his strong stand in favor of temperance. One of them the other night left a coffin at his door as a warning. The mayor promptly sold the coffin for $18 and turned the money over to a temperance society.

THE municipal authorities of Madras have recently extended the right of suffrage to women in municipal affairs. Madras is a city of Southeastern India, containing 400,000 inhabitants.

THE legislatures of ten states have passed acts providing for instruction as to the effects of alcoholic drinks in the public schools.

Correspondence.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will use them, if available; if not, they will be returned only if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve ANY MSS., and we will NOT be responsible for any sent us.

THE COLORADO DESERT.

News from One of its Explorers—The Burned-Up Bed of an Ancient Sea—Some Interesting Points Concerning It.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

In your issue of October 8 is an item in reference to the size of the Colorado desert, stating it as only 6,000 or 7,000 acres. This is a serious error. I have expended four years in prospecting this vast desert, and really know very little about it yet, traveling in that time upwards of 12,000 miles in the saddle. No one man ever has, or can become acquainted with the whole of this barren, parched and desolate region. No pen can describe the awful dreariness and solitude of its vast plains and rugged, cactus-clothed mountains, upheaved by tremendous convulsions of nature, scarred with volcanic fires, and torn and riven in every conceivable shape. This region comprises the whole of the eastern half of San Diego county, and the southeastern part of San Bernardino county, reaching into Labajo, California, (pronounced Levaho), 200 miles east and west, by 250 north and south.

It is approached from Los Angeles via the San Gorgonio Pass, 90 miles east of the city. The altitude of this pass is 2,500 feet above the sea, a gradual ascent all the way. Towering high above on each side stand the giant peaks of Old Greylock on the left and San Jacinto on the right (11,000 feet) like grim sentinels at this gateway of inferno, their barren granite summits reared above the clouds, and clothed with almost perpetual snow, guarding this highway of nations, as it must soon become, as it is the direct route from Japan and Australia to Europe.

Nowhere else on earth is such a bleak, barren, desolate view to be met with as here greets the traveler's vision. Range after range of rocky, verdureless mountains bound the horizon far to the eastward. Beneath our feet are the glistening arid wastes of the desert proper, where the bones of many weary prospector lie bleaching in the sun, who perished perhaps for want of water, or, worse still, by the treacherous bullet of one of the murdering, thieving Chimehuava Apaches—his funeral hymn the scorching Norther from the blazing Mojave plains. Such is the country that the travelers view at the summit—the abode of the rattlesnake, the horned toad and the tarantula. The home of the cowardly Chiricanuas, (the pets of Boston humanitarians) who lurk along the trails or solitary watering places, watching an opportunity to murder the daring miner or adventurous tenderfoot. A thrice accursed country, rendered more so by the mystery shrouding the fate of hundreds who started out upon it, lured by the tales of fabulous wealth hidden in its remotest recesses hitherto untrodden by foot of man, or leaving its perils from the other side to reach the City of Angels and the lovely valleys of California.

Looking back with a regretful glance, the traveler sees the beautiful valley of San Bernardino spread out at his feet, fairer than the famous Shenandoah, dotted with green alfalfa fields, and the thriving homes of less adventurous ones, who prefer to (literally) stay under their own vine and fig tree to risking life and property in the great unknown, properly called by its habitues the "Outside," while the vine-clad hills and sunny plains of Los Angeles are known as the "Inside." From the summit of San Jacinto, 11,000 feet above the sea, the desert stops suddenly within 25 miles, to 250 feet below sea level, at Indio, Arizona Seven Palms station, on the S. P. R. R., the desert or plain proper begins. It was formerly the bed of the Gulf of California, reaching to the present head of the gulf, 250 miles to the southeast. The old beach line is plainly visible at the foot of the San Jacinto mountains for miles, while further out at the deepest part, several hundred acres still covered with sharks' bones attest the presence of the sea at no remote period. The drifting sands at the mouth of the Colorado river having blocked the passage into the inner bay and which, once blocked, rapidly dried up. The existence of so large a sheet of water lying inland, and subject to rapid evaporation must have exerted a great influence over the climate of southern California.

Everywhere the careful observer finds proofs that the climate of this whole region is becoming dryer and colder. Each year the snow-line is slowly creeping down the mountain sides; the thermal belts found in all the valleys by early settlers are gradually being narrowed down, and finally will disappear altogether. On the summits of many ranges the growth of centuries is dying out (frozen to death) and a newer and hardier springing up in its place. Everywhere old watercourses, that were rushing rivers for ages, are now dry canons, occasionally turned into mad torrents by waterspouts. Large springs that for years since supplied water for thousands of Indians, and before them were utilized for irrigation by a race our equals in civilization and long since vanished from the earth, are now dried up and afford scarcely enough for a score of Indians. In many places an extensive system of irrigation over thousands of acres can still be traced, but there is scarcely enough water at present to water a thirsty burro train. At Los Palms, a San Francisco company is mining and shipping a superior quality of salt. Underneath a thin layer of clay and mud is an inexhaustible layer of the finest salt in the world, while to the northeast are huge mountains of rock salt, enough to supply the world for ages.

Near Volcano station are several mud volcanoes, which are very dangerous to approach, the crust being thin, and once broken through it is impossible to get out of the boiling mud. In the lower part of the desert is a large tract of land, nearly 500 square miles in extent, where water can be got from 15 to 50 feet from the surface. The soil is as rich as any in the world, and will in time be cultivated. All kinds of tropical fruits will thrive, as frost is unknown. The heat at times is excessive, ranging often 125° and 130° in the shade. The extreme dryness of the atmosphere make it easier to bear than 95° in New York city.

Terrible stories are told of Death Valley, to the North, in Inyo county, but bad as that is, the Yuma desert is far worse. The available waters are farther apart and of poorer quality, and separated by vast stretches of drifting sand, from fifteen to 60 miles apart. In the worst part of Death Valley are extensive borax works, which are in operation during the hottest season of the year. A recent writer in the *Scientific American* gave a horrible description of Death Valley, stating that death resulted often from excessive evaporation which took place from the surface faster than the stomach could assimilate the fluid poured into it, in proof of which he cited instances where men were found dead with water in their canteens. The fact is that whisky kills more men on these deserts than lack of water. Where a man is a habitual drinker his system is unable to stand the fearful strain of a forty-mile march over a blazing hot plain, even with a full canteen. Of more than a dozen deaths personally known to the writer, not one was strictly temperate, and all indulged more or less in intoxicating drinks. Personal experience has demonstrated the fact that it is unsafe to use liquor of any kind in crossing these deserts. Chewing bullets is a good way to excite a flow of saliva, and where the water is too impure to drink, bathe the wrists and soles of the feet.

The writer himself, in 1879, while searching for old Lee's remains, traveled 140 miles in two days and a half on three quarts of water, with the thermometer ranging 110° at noon in the shade, mostly on foot, the saddle animals giving up first, and all nearly perished before reaching water.

Many silver mines of fabulous richness have been found all through this section, and whatever the risks to be encountered there are alway plenty of men to undertake them provided there is "anything in it."

J. R. WEEKS.

A Kentucky Republican's Letter.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I have been a constant reader of the BLADE for five years and take it because it is a Republican paper, and to get the news. After the recent election in Ohio I had to get a Kentucky paper to learn the Ohio news. Watch's cars anything about base ball clubs or anything of the sort. A "Dixie" Republican wants to hear the news from the land of the free ballot and fair count. The Republicans of Kentucky take your paper more than any paper printed out of the state and take it because of its Republican doctrines. If it is true blue, shut up your "coon" on the frizzled chicken. Nothing pleases a "Dixie" Republican better or hurts a Bourbon worse. I am as good a prohibitionist as you dare be, but a Stalwart first and intend to be until a free ballot and a fair count prevails in Mississippi the same that it now does in Ohio. Long live the BLADE! J. W. KOONS.

Morgantown, Ky.

In the Women's Temperance Union at Philadelphia, after considerable debate, the suggestion of the executive committee relative to a removal of the headquarters to Chicago, was adopted. A letter from Miss Willard, U. S. president of the said union, will have charge of the work.

THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

An Appeal For Opening It to Settlement by the Whites.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

Midway between the surging Atlantic and the peaceful Pacific there lies a beautiful country which was set aside by Congress in 1832 as the home of the red man and his tribe. At that time this country was remote from white settlement, and this was the main cause for its being chosen for such purpose.

The population of the pale face west of the Father of Waters 50 years ago was rare, and was confined chiefly to those portions of the country that were adjacent navigable streams, for railway enterprises and advantages for shipping into the inserior were very limited, even in New England; by and by the numerous growing enterprises that are now a credit to our nation, pushed westward until they now extend from the shady hills of Mempheamsjoy in the east to the Golden Gate at the setting sun.

The Indian did not appreciate the gift of Congress at the time of its appropriation, neither does he appreciate it to-day. Long years were spent in trying to persude the American to enter this country and build for himself a fixed home, and all such improtunities have been scoffed at and treated as though they were beneath their notice, and in many instances the blood of the white settler has flowed freely and wasted upon the ground, owing to their hostility and austere feeling toward the Caucasian race.

The few tribes that were induced to make their homes in this country, have proven as all heretofore, a worthless people as far as social and intellectual development is concerned, and the cultivation of the many recourses that have been placed in their hands for the upbuilding of their race and country; they are trampling underfoot to-day over 44,000,000 acres of land which, if properly cultivated, would yield to as good an advantage as any country in the Union, for the already cultivated districts prove beyond a doubt that the alluvial soil is productive in every sense. The cultivated regions are confined chiefly to the mixtures, while the full blood hies away to more remote districts in pursuit of his happy hunting ground, which is fast diminishing to an end, and will soon be remembered by the red skins as sweet reminiscenses of the past. The few full-bloods that remain in the settled portion of the territory are sluggards in the cause of progression, and can be seen upon the streets daily in Fort Smith, Ark., in squads looking over into their country with longing eyes, and wondering, as their sun is fast setting in the western horizon, whether or not their happy hunting grounds, over which they roamed and hunted the deer and buffalo, will return, and a sad whisper from the progressive white settler sounds and resounds in their ears, "Alas! they will return no more forever."

This territory is a beautiful country, endowed with all the requirements of nature that it takes to make a happy, prosperous people and a populous commonwealth; and as long as it is kept for the purpose for which it is used, these endowments will be trodden underfoot, the cry of murder will chill the frame of civilized people, and the courts will stand as they do to-day, with crowded dockets. The enlightened Indian says with one accord: "Open up our country to white settlement, throw open the gates of obstruction, push forward the numerous growing enterprises of the land, and we will hail the day." Until such is the case, the territory will be known as a famous rendezvous for the exiles of other states and countries who throng its borders and who are continously harrassing the lives of the innocent and are making the scene bloodshed instead of the ammilioration of the race. The overcrowded districts of the East need this land for homes, in which they can seek homes for their declining years; the laborer in the workshops, the spinner in the cotton mills, and the common, industrious renter, all need this country, and by them it would be made one grand growing commonwealth, instead of a den for outlaws; and if they were allowed, ere long the tide of emmigration would rush to its portals and exchange the plow for the six-shooter, the hoe for the scalping-knife, and the happy homestead for the wigwam in these alluvial valleys, adjacent to the homes furnished the red man by the government, which have been used as stables ever since their building, proving, as it does, their inconsistency, and will ever remain so until the steady arm of progress is allowed its rights. A. D. STATES.

AS TO CHILI.

A Correspondent Calls Mr. Carpenter's Attention to Certain Facts.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I was much interested in the remarks of Mr. Carpenter, as published in the BLADE of September 17, concerning "Far-away Chili," yet I could not but lament that he should have fallen into an error of which so many hasty travelers are guilty. While he uttered much that was true, yet there was only enough of truth to float the error. We are ignorant enough of the South American republics, but let us not add positive error to ignorance. Having resided among the Chilians for more than five years, my interests being identical with theirs, I feel myself in a position to speak with some degree of knowledge.

I am surprised that Mr. Carpenter should speak so contemptuously of the form of government, having so slight an acquaintance with its mode of working. Republic it certainly is, and though by no means perfect, yet there are fewer abuses in its administration than in our own. Justice is dealt out more sharply than here, and foreigners are more zealously cared for and protected. The recent Wyoming massacre could not have occurred in Chili without the perpetrators having been called strictly to account ere this. Had such an outrage occurred there, however, we would have pointed to it as an evidence of their barbarism.

Mr. Carpenter complains of the haughty manner in which they were received by the President. Well, is it not possible that our American friends may have been to blame? I have noticed that the majority of Americans arrive in Chili with the firmly fixed idea of the infinite superiority of the "Gran Republica" and its inhabitants, and they generally are not slow to show the natives that they believe them to be a vastly inferior race, who greatly need the enlightening influences of the Northern Star. Everyone who knows Santa Maria intimately will testify that he is a thorough gentleman, a profound soldier, and a clear-headed statesman.

Although as a Protestant missionary and editor, I gave the Chilians some hard knocks, yet I was ever treated by them with the utmost kindness and courtesy; a kindness that contrasted sharply with the cold selfishness manifested by our own countrymen and the English. When sorrow came upon us they forgot religious differences, and came and wept with us over the remains of our departed little ones.

It was my good fortune during the last year of my stay in Chili to be on intimate terms with some of the leaders of the Liberal party, some of them sent to Fort Santa Maria. Again and again have they expressed their admiration and respect for the United States and its people. Whatever of ill-feeling there may have been was the direct result of efforts made by English merchants and importers to drive American manufactures from the southwest coast. No stone was left unturned to accomplish this purpose, and the cry of "Yankee intervention" was of purely English origin. I crossed swords with the English organ, *The Chilian Times*, and gave them quite enough of it. England did not back Chili during the first year of the war with Peru. On the contrary she did all in her power to impede and harass the former until after the successful visit of Mr. Proctor, the agent of the Peruvian bondholders. The nitrate and guano deposits in the province of Tarapaca were mortgaged to the holders of the Peruvian bonds, and it was feared that in case of said province coming into the possession of Chili, the security would be invalidated. On Chili's guaranteeing the bonds, England patted her on the back and said: "Go in and win." Arms and ammunition were forthcoming until the arsenals were overflowing.

Again, Mr. Carpenter has fallen into an error concerning the progressive spirit of the people. I think Mr. William Bassett, agent in Chile for the Singer's sewing machines, could have enlightened him as to the demand for machines with a spcial. I only found the hand machine in use among the very poor sewing woman who could not afford high priced ones. England and the United States export large quantities of machines of the best quality to Chili. As to the plow, although during the last three years of my residence in Chili I was in the south, the great agricultural region, I never saw a single-handed plow in use. They readily adopt our modes of labor, and prefer American machinery to any other.

The two great reasons why we have so small a trade with South America are, first, the persistent hostility of the English, and, second, the fact that Americans are not so ready as the English to risk their capital in those lands. While by no means a free trader, I will say that did not our capitalists receive such high rates of interest at home, they would be compelled, like the English, to make new fields for investment. The facts are open. Recent numbers of *La Opinion Nacional*, of Lima, show that Peruvians are quite as hostile to "Yankee interference" as Chilians. Let us

Way Down in Missouri.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

This is one of those places that we read about, where the cause of the rebellion has not died out and has not been conquered. The people here are mostly of that class that have the doctrine of rebellion preached to them from their youth up, and to get them to take any other paper than the Missouri *Republican* would be dishonor to them. Sometimes I have tried to read short pieces from the BLADE, but they set up a howling that could only be compared to Southern yells. I was talking to one of my neighbors about the BLADE, and tried to get him to take a copy home with him and read it; but you ought to have seen the look on his face and heard him rant about reading the black abolition paper. The BLADE suits me, and I hope to be able to take it all the time. Its prohibition suits me, and I think that the only way is the BLADE'S way to "Pulverize the Rum Power."

R. W. WATTS.

Akers, Mo.

Two Good Points.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

I will say that I think the BLADE is the best family paper published. Your stand on temperance and the exclusion of all obscene expressions, makes the BLADE a paper that a parent can give a child to read, without danger that its morals will be corrupted.

Olax, Neb. AARON PORTER

How Many Can Read.

The percentage of persons aged 15 years and upward who can read in Germany is 94, in Great Britain 91, in Austria 68, in France 88, in Italy 64, in Spain 69, and in Russia 53. The percentage of those who can read, write, and work out simple arithmetical problems is in Germany 89, in Great Britain 81, in France 77, in Austria 75, in Italy 63, in Spain 49, and in Russia 39. The percentage of those who possess a fair acquaintance with more than one modern language is in Germany 69, in Austria 61, in Great Britain 34, in France 29, in Italy 28, in Russia 23, and in Spain 13. And finally, the percentage of those who have some knowledge of the classics is in Germany 32, in Great Britain 21, in France 20, in Italy 15, in Austria 13, in Spain 7, and in Russia 2.

A Case of Long Standing Catarrh Cured by the Pillow-Inhaler.

Mr. John W. Lazier, Morgantown, W. Va., writes: "My sister has suffered for the past several years with the worst form of Catarrh, and having tried a number of so-called "remedies" without effect, she concluded to try the Pillow-Inhaler as an experiment. It proved a success from the very first, gradually relieving her, and she is now entirely well, and getting along without using anything. I can assure anyone who may be skeptical as to the efficiency of the Pillow-Inhaler, that its work is as certain as anything depending upon human management can be. It has done all you claim for it."

The Pillow-Inhaler excels all other methods of cure for Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption because it gives out for about eight hours, or while the sufferer sleeps at night, a medicated air, laden with healing and soothing influences that go straight to the sore places with each breath the sleeper takes. Its power to heal and cure is wonderful. If you have any of the above diseases it will cost you nothing to learn about the Pillow-Inhaler, as an explanatory pamphlet and testimonials will be sent you free of charge by sending your address to The Pillow-Inhaler Co., 1,520 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Extraordinary Luck.

Two men riding on a railroad train. One of them buys a book and, after reading it a while, throws it down, turns to his chance companion and says:

"This is the dullest book I ever saw. It is a fraud. I'd like to maul the author. What are you taking off your coat for?"

"I am the author."

Publishers' Column.

The Blade's Sewing Machine Enterprise.

We are not yet ready to mail the circulars concerning our new sewing machine, but shall be within a week or two. We are manufacturing the best machine on the market, which we shall sell without employing agents or middle men, direct to the people, for less than one-half what the monopolists exact for a less valuable machine. We cannot now state the price exactly, but we are far enough along to know that it will not be higher than $18, and possibly a dollar or two lower.

We shall warrant the machine in every respect, so that no one will take any risk in purchasing.

All who contemplate the purchase of a Sewing Machine this fall or winter will please send us their addresses, that we may mail them full particulars as soon as we are ready. We have built a factory 200 feet in length, and 40 feet in width, which is filled with machinery of our own make, and we are making the best machine ever put before the public. We hope to be ready to ship machines by the middle of November and possibly sooner. All who want a reliable Sewing Machine at half the cost exacted by the Sewing Machine rings will please send us their address. You don't have to buy, but you will get valuable information concerning sewing machines. Address BLADE, Toledo, O.

TO THOSE WHO DO NOT TAKE THE BLADE.

Persons not subscribers to the BLADE and who may receive this number, are requested to examine it carefully. Of course it it pleases them we want their subscriptions. Look over the various departments and see whether anywhere you can get so much for the money.

Our terms are $1 a year, 30 cents for three months.

And please read the Publisher's Department on the fifth page, as well as advertisements elsewhere, and note the combination offers we make. Everything we advertise we guarantee, and you take no risk in availing yourself of anything we offer. Try the BLADE. Subscribe at once, and you will not be disappointed. It is beyond question the best family paper in the world, which statement 120,000 families will attest.

THE THREE GREAT GENERALS—GRANT, SHERMAN AND SHERIDAN.

We have published portraits of the three great Generals of the war, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, which are the best portraits of the heroes that have ever been put upon paper. John S. Kounts, late commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, says that our portrait of Grant is the best ever published. Sen. Sherman says that our portrait of his brother, the General, is the best and most life-like he has ever seen, and we know that the portrait of Sheridan was never excelled. We have printed these superb portraits on the finest plate paper, size 19 by 24, and will mail them to any address, post-paid, as follows:

Singly..... 35 cents
The three, to one address..... 50 cents

In combination with the BLADE—
The Blade one year with either $1 15
The Blade one year with all three.... 1 40
The Blade three months with either... 40 cents
The Blade three months with all three 65 cents

We guarantee these portraits to be the best for the price ever printed, and they should be on the walls of every loyal family in the United States. No such portraits are sold by other publishers for less than from 50 cents to $1. We could not do it, except for the large sale we are certain to have.

Agents and others can make money selling these portraits. Write to us for special terms.

THE BLADE'S TEMPERANCE CARTOONS

To Temperance Workers, Societies and Organizations.

The BLADE, months ago, conceived the idea of instructing the people in the Temperance cause by means of appeals to the eye. To the end of arousing public sentiment we have issued two cartoons, for the first of which has been scattered all over the United States. Of this one we sent out, gratis, nearly 100,000, which is our contribution to the great cause.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 1.

"Do You See Any Good Coming Out of It?"

This is a very forcible picture. In the center is a bottle labelled "Whiskey," though a label is unnecessary. From the mouth of the bottle issues a vapor which spreading in four circles, overspreads each bar-room loafer, with appropriate sketches filling in the corners.

It is a powerful presentation of the evils and certain results of Intemperance.

BLADE CARTOON, NO. 2.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Boy Go?"

A series of pictures, commencing with the face of a beautiful three-year-old, who starts in life on an equality with all other three-year-olds. On the upward line comes first the clean-faced boy of 10 on his way to school; next, the young, ambitious student of 18; then the young soldier of 21; then the middle-aged, strong man of 30; and, lastly, the hale and hearty old man of 70.

The contrast is another line of pictures, viz: The street boy already under the influence of rum, with the stub of a cigar in his mouth, at 10, the hoodlum at 18, the barroom loafing ruffian at 21, the tramp and criminal of 50, and the broken-down vagabond of 70.

There can be no more forcible presentation of the subject in pictorial form, and no cartoon can be devised that will better tell the whole story and do it at a glance.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 3.

"Which Way Would You Have Your Girl Go?"

Our next Cartoon, which is now rapidly being mailed, is entitled, "Which way would you have your Girl Go?" It contrasts the life of a girl who marries a sober man with one who weds a drunkard, and is quite as effective as those that have preceded it.

BLADE CARTOON NO. 4.

"In Which Village Would You Bring Up Your Children?"

This is the title of our Temperance cartoon, No. 4. It is an exceedingly spirited illustration of two villages, one under Prohibition rule and the other under the control of the Rum mills. It is quite as effective as its three predecessors, and will do as much toward arousing the public sentiment upon this great question. Those who have ordered the three preceding ones should add this immediately.

We have made a price on them, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

Three copies of either..... 6 cents
Six copies..... 10 cents.
Twenty-five copies..... 30 cents.
One Hundred copies..... One dollar.

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

We want them pasted up so that they will stay, in every shop, store, factory, and on fences where they will be seen, in every section of the United States. There must be a temperance sentiment developed, everywhere. The people need awakening. Order them—the cost is barely nothing.

Send in your orders at once, and when received post them where they will be seen. We shall follow these with others.

Read Carefully the Last Paragraph of this Advertisement.

BOOKS

FOR WINTER READING!

With or Without the BLADE.

ALSO

WATCHES, SCALES, Etc

The following books are of our own publication, and give a variety of pleasant reading and valuable information that no family should be without. We make prices less than half of book-store prices, and we prepay postage to your very door. Whether for family reading or presents to your friends, every reader of the BLADE should order a copy of each. Order one copy first, to see how much we give for the money, after which you will be sure to order the whole list:

Nasby in Exile.

The travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Fully illustrated; 700 pages. Original price $3.50. Present price, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

Andersonville.

A Story of Southern Prisons, by John McElroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written, and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price, $3.00; now, postpaid by mail, $1.25.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES,

the best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00. Price now postpaid by mail, $2.00.

Health and Beauty,

by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty, and is indispensable. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail.

Social Etiquette,

another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society, with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should buy this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price, $1.00, postpaid by mail.

LIFE AND DEEDS OF GRANT,

By Rev. P. C. Headley and Geo. Lowell Austin. This is beyond question the best life of Grant ever written, because it is the fullest and goes more than any other into detail. It commences with the boyhood of the great soldier and statesman, and gives a full and complete account of him to his death, to which is added a graphic account of his obsequies. It is profusely illustrated with original pictures, beautifully engraved, including a steel portrait of the General. It is a book of nearly 500 pages, well printed and substantially bound. The regular price is $1.50, and it is richly worth it to anybody. $1.25. Postpaid by mail.

BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving was never sold for less than $50, and it is richly worth it. It is the most valuable steel plate with one exception that was ever engraved, and should be on the walls of every house. In 300 tableaux it tells the whole story of the Pilgrim's Progress. Postpaid by mail, $1.25.

THE NASBY WATCH.

This is the well known Waterbury watch, manufactured especially for the BLADE, and stamped "Nasby." There is no necessity of making any comment upon this marvel of cheapness and excellence. We have sold thousands of them. Regular price, $3.50. Postpaid by mail.

Little Detective Scale.

With or without scoop. Scale (without scoop) and WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.00, which is just the price of the Scale.

This little scale is made with Steel Bearings and Brass Beam, and will weigh accurately any gee in ages from ¼ oz. to 24 lbs. It is intended to supply the great demand for a Housekeeper's Scale. Nothing of the kind has ever been sold before for less than from $3 to $10. Every Scale is perfect and will last a person's lifetime.

It is also valuable in every office for weighing mail matter. There is no spring to get out of order. Postmasters, as it is as nicely adjusted as any Letter Balance. By express at expense of the purchaser.

Union or Family Scales.

Is made of nice smooth castings, heavy Tin Scoop, and a neat Brass Beam with upper row of figures for scoop, and lower row for platform, japanned back, neatly striped and bronzed.

This is a useful Family Scale, especially for farmers. Small parcels from one-half ounce up can be weighed in the scoop, and large packages, up to 240 pounds, on the platform. The platform is 10x18½ inches, being large enough to weigh quite a good-sized box of soap or maple sugar, a barrel of potatoes or dried apples, a tub of lard, a cheese, a sack of grain or wool, a quarter of beef, a dressed hog, and many other things that it is desirable to weigh. By express at the expense of the purchaser.

NOW READ THESE COMBINATION OFFERS:

"NASBY IN EXILE," by mail, postpaid.....$1.25
"NASBY IN EXILE," and the BLADE one year..... 2.10
"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," by mail postpaid. 2.00
"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES" and the WEEKLY BLADE one year..... 2.00
"ANDERSONVILLE," by mail, postpaid..... 1.25
"ANDERSONVILLE," and the WEEKLY BLADE one year..... 2.10
"HEALTH AND BEAUTY" and the WEEKLY BLADE one year..... 1.85
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by mail, postpaid..... 1.00
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE" and the WEEKLY BLADE one year..... 1.85
The Steel Engraving, "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS"..... 1.25
The Steel Engraving, PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, and the BLADE one year..... 2.00
THE WATERBURY WATCH, by mail, postpaid..... 3.00
THE WATERBURY WATCH and the BLADE one year..... 3.50
"LIFE AND DEEDS OF GRANT," by mail, postpaid 1.25
"LIFE AND DEEDS OF GRANT" and the WEEKLY BLADE one year..... 2.00

Every family in the United States ought to have the BLADE and all the articles. Address

BLADE, Toledo, O.

EVERY BOY

wants a watch, and every boy can have one. $3.50 gives your boy a good watch and you get the BLADE one year thrown in. Remit $3.50 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and get the Waterbury watch for the boy and the BLADE one year for yourself.

THE WATCH PROBLEM.

Any of the ordinary gold watches costs you $60. Interest on $60, at 7 per cent. per annum, $4.20. Price of Waterbury watch, $3.50, 70 cents less than interest on your high-priced watch for a year. You simply carry in the latter timepiece of the two, in 30 cases out of a hundred, and it costs 70 cents less than the interest on the cost of a high-priced watch for a year.

Then, the Waterbury keeps as good time as the high-priced watch, and is warranted by the BLADE as reliable and durable. Any boy can carry it. Any boy can wind it. Any boy can regulate it. Any boy can keep it clean. Any boy can take care of it. Any boy can be trusted with it. Any boy can be proud of it. Any boy can be happy with it. Any boy can be made manly by it. Any boy can be made a man of business by it. Any boy can be made a gentleman by it. Any boy can be made a Christian by it. Any boy can be made a good boy by it. Any boy can be made a blessing to his parents by it. Any boy can be made a comfort to his mother by it. Any boy can be made a companion to his father by it. Any boy can be made a friend to his sister by it. Any boy can be made a model to his brothers by it. Any boy can be made a leader of other boys by it. Any boy can be made a power for good by it. Any boy can be made a power for evil by it. Any boy can be made a power for anything by it. Any boy can be made a power for everything by it. Any boy can be made a power for nothing

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

Correspondents writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on ONE side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

HOME TALKS.

MAN'S MISERY WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

A young man remarked in my presence not long ago, that he had been having a serious time. On inquiry I learned that the previous evening was employed in bestowing those little attentions upon his wearing apparel that are usually necessary after coming from the laundry—a labor that the majority of men consider as a mere trifle so long as they have some one to attend to its doing, and there is nothing lacking when they come to don the garments. I can imagine naught more forlorn, however, than one of these masculines, away from mothers and sisters, and without a wife, who has had no preliminary training in the use of a thread, needle and thimble, suddenly thrown upon his own resources in the way of sewing on a button. He feels during the operation as if he could conquer a world with less effort than it takes to hold the slippery, refractory, apparently malicious little article in its proper place, and keep it there long enough to fasten it firmly. It wriggles and twists, like a live thing, away from the incoming needle, which goes angrily diving into the fleshy part of his thumb, leaving undone what it ought to have done, and doing what he feels to his unlucky thumbs end what it ought not to have done. He says *something*, winds a cloth around the wound and starts once more. Then he finds the needle has worked off the thread and must be put on again. The number of times he can aim at the eye of that needle and miss it, seems to him to count up somewhere near a million. At last, chance favors him, and he is ready for another struggle with that demonic button. So it goes on until finally the thing yields and is fixed, temporarily at least, it its proper place. Perspiration starts in beads upon his face, and he is conscious of a deepened respect for some feminine accomplishments he has hitherto held in scorn.

I witnessed an operation of this kind once. It was as entertaining as a first-class play at the Opera-house. The young man had not yet emerged from that beatific state which all boys—girls, too, for that matter—dwell in for a season, that of supreme confidence in their own knowledge, and contempt for that of the rest of the world, especially the feminine portion of it. Taking him at his own estimate, and one was irresistably reminded of Goldsmith's description of the country schoolmaster:

And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

He happened to be cast upon my tender mercies, and brutal as it was, I absolutely refused to sew on his buttons. Do not condemn me. He had first made the assertion that he could do it as well as I. I watched the process, and that is the way I know so well how a masculine struggle with a button is conducted.

It occurred to me then and often has since, that it might be well for mothers to teach their boys, while they are home, to do some of these little things. It would not derogate from their manliness in any sense, and when the time came for them to leave the parental roof they would find it a great convenience to be able to sew on a button deftly, or mend a rent neatly in garments needed for every day wear. I am well aware that this suggestion will be shocking to the boys, in whom a lofty contempt for the needle as a girl's instrument of labor is inborn, but nevertheless some training of this kind will prove a blessing in after days, and they will recognize the fact. A great deal of the talk about boys' work and girls' work, man's sphere and woman's sphere, and the danger of unsexing the sexes, is the veriest bosh. A womanly woman will remain so to the end of her days, even should she saw wood or carry coal occasionally, and sewing on buttons will never make a true man effeminate. These things are simply questions of mental and physical adaptability in the aggregate, and have nothing to do with the forming of character.

While speaking of woman's work to a friend, she made a very good suggestion which occurs to me in this connection. In every town and city are very many young men whose business has taken them away from home, and who have not received the training spoken of above, and even if they had done so, it would not be likely to extend so far as darning stockings neatly. To such persons it would be a boon to be thankful for if there were some honest, capable woman to call each week for the articles needing repairing, put them in order and return them to their places again. The expense to the young men, individually, would be small, and he far more than counterbalanced by the saving in wear. It is an old saying that a stitch in time saves nine, and it is literally true, but where there is no one to take the one stitch, the nine are speedily needed, and as speedily multiply into ninety and nine, which ends the usefulness of the garment.

It is evident, then, that it is economy to employ a regular mender, who, in this way, could earn very good wages. It would be necessary for her to be swift in the use of her needle and neat in her workmanship. She must also be punctual and careful, making no mistakes in returning articles, if she takes them home to do the repairs.

As may be readily seen, the expense of an outfit for such employment is small. Needles of various sizes, different colors of silk, thread, and darning cotton, with some muslin pieces, scissors and thimble, constitute all or nearly all that is necessary.

It would take but a short time for anyone who went at the work with a good will to find plenty of it to do. No doubt, too, many a good housewife would take advantage of the services of a professional mender, for where there are children, the weekly work in that line is a severe tax when added to all of the other exacting cares and duties of housekeeping. Women too, engaged in business, frequently have neither time nor strength to give to this task, and had far rather pay for having it done than to try to do it themselves.

There is no doubt but it is an open, if a homely field of labor, and it is not hard physically. There may be drawbacks to its successful occupation which I do not now perceive, but the prospect certainly is bright enough for women who are looking around for something to do, and are without training in any special direction, to try its possibilities. No complaint can be made of its being out of a woman's sphere, that is certain.

In the early part of my papers upon "Woman's Work," I spoke of women entering the field as house decorators, as an occupation for which they are especially fitted. I learn that it is now carried on quite successfully in large cities, that when rooms are to be refurnished, or newly fitted up, instead of, as formerly, putting them into the upholsterer's hands, which had the result of causing the inside of houses to look as if modeled after each other, women artists are now employed, who study to make each room a picture and different from the other. They attend to the decoration of the walls, to the buying of the furniture, and the choosing and placing of what is merely for ornament. It is needless to say that it is a paying profession. EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Pianoforte Key Cover's.—This is a new fancy but it is quite a useful article. It is for the purpose of keeping the dust out of the keys when the instrument is not in use. A very pretty one is made out of white satin cut the width and length of the keyboard. Saw pieces of black velvet to correspond with the keys and finish them around with fine silver cord, then put a silver fringe across the front edge to droop downward. A heavy silver cord finishes the other side and ends. The satin must be lined with something heavy to keep it in place.

Another pretty one may be made of crimson plush with a motto traced on it with tinsel, and the four sides fluished with gold or crimson cord. In place of the motto embroider or paint a spray of flowers. The colors used may be varied to suit the furnishing of the room.

Hairpin Holder.—Get a little fancy basket, which is already silvered or gilded, or you can do it yourself, and after filling it with curled hair, knit a cover out of fine blue wool, throwing the thread around the finger several times, so as to leave long, fluffy loops. Knit in tinsel with these loops, then sew cover upon the basket and put a satin bow upon the handle. This makes a pretty little Christmas gift.

Postal Albums.—This is a season of autographs, when everyone seems wild to possess a well filled auto' album. Go where you will, you are abruptly surprised with an album thrust in your hands, and very cordially invited to leave your auto'—please. As a nation we are proverbial for Yankee ingenuity, and no less is it proven by the novel forms we see in autograph albums. Postal albums are a neat and inexpensive form for collecting autographs. An album in the form of a boot is very pretty. For the inside leaves use plain unruled paper, for the outside cover use red cardboard, perforate and fasten at the top with two bows of narrow blue ribbon, ornament with transfer pictures.

Autograph quilts are another novelty, each person piecing a block (after any pattern) of one size, and when finished use silk for working on the block the name, the date, also place of residence. Birds or sprays worked with silk, are also a desirable addition. Ten or twelve inches is a good size for auto blocks. I am making a sort of autograph quilt, which idea is original with myself. I am saving a piece of each dress and apron of each of my four little ones, until they are 5 years old, then I shall make each a quilt of their own baby clothes. I have made two now; one pieced after a pattern called "Broken Dishes," the other "Toad in a Puddle." I hope other readers of the HOUSEHOLD will do likewise. It will be something by which children can remember mother's loving handiwork long after that dear patient mother is laid away to rest in the long sleep.—MRS. F. A. W., South Saginaw, Mich.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; o, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed double stitch; sh, shell; s st, spun stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Infants Silk Crocheted Cap.—Use knitting silk No. 300 and make a chain of 10 stitches. Join in a ring. 1st round—Work 26 s c into the ring; 2d round—1 s c in every 1 of previous round; 3d round—5 ch 1 d c in every second stitch of previous round; 4th round—5 ch 1 d c in third 1 of the 5 ch;* 5 ch 1 d c in the 3d of the next 5 ch; repeat from * all around, join with a s c in the 3d of the 5 ch at the beginning of the round; 5th round—4 t under each 5 ch, join with a s c to top of 1st 4 t; 6th round—* 3 ch 1 d c in third stitch of last round, repeat from *; 7th and 10th round—crochet like 4th round; 8th round—3 t under each 1 of 5 ch; 9th round like 6th round—this finishes the crown. To form the neck work 3 t under each of the first 9 i's of 5 ch of 10th round. Turn back, work up 3 ch to take the place of t; 1 t on the 2d t of the group of 3 t of last round *, 2 t on 1st t of the next group of 3 t *, repeat. This finishes the neck. Begin at the 10th round which comes next to the neck and work up 3 ch to take the place of a t, 2 t on 1st t of last round, * 3 t on 2d t of last round, repeat from *. This forms the first row of front. Turn, 2d row 5 ch, 1 d c between 1st and 2d group of 3 t, * 5 ch 1 d c between the 2d and 3d group of t. Repeat from *, turn: 3d row—5 ch, 1 d c in the 3d of the 5 ch of previous row, repeat all around; 4th row—3 t under each 1 of 5 ch of last row, repeat, turn; 5th row—as 4th; 6th row—as 5th; 7th row—9th, 12th and 15th like the 3d row; 8th row—10th and 13th like the 4th row; 16th row—Work 3 t under each 1 of 5 ch across the front and in every third stitch around the back of cap; 17th row—Make a deep scallop edge all around the cap as follows: 4 t in a group separated by a s c, repeat all around; for the 2d row work 9 t in each shell of previous row, making 1 s c between each group of 9 t. Line with surah silk and put in narrow gilt lace under the shell edge. Put a lining of satin ribbon all around with ribbon strings and bond on the top and in back of the neck. If the cap is too large it may be drawn in with a silk cord run in the neck.

Explanation of Terms in Crochet:—S. c., single crochet. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring thread through this stitch in a loop and also through the loop on the needle. D. c., double crochet. Put the needle in a stitch of the work, bring thread through, take up thread again and bring through the two loops. T. c., treble crochet. Turn the thread around the needle, put it in a stitch, bring thread through, then catch the thread, bring it through two loops, catch thread again and bring through the other two loops. L. t., long treble. Put thread around needle twice, work same as treble stitch, bringing the thread through 2 loops (at a time) 3 times. Extra long treble, same as long treble, only wind thread around needle three times, bringing thread through two loops at a time, making 4 times the thread is drawn through.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco Co., Ore.

Correspondence.

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.—Would any of the enterprising ladies of the HOUSEHOLD like to know how to shield their own tinware? I take it for granted that some of them would, if they knew the convenience of it, and offer the following old reliable recipe: Take a vial and have it filled about two-thirds full of muriatic acid, and put into this little bits of sheet zinc as long as it dissolves them, (the zinc from an old washboard answers the purpose fully), then put in crumb of sal-ammoniac and fill up with water, and it is ready for use.

The solder can be bought at any hardware store, I think, and is much more convenient after being made into sticks, which is easily done in the following manner: Melt the solder in an iron pan or kettle, take an old pine board and make a furrow, or groove it, which is easily done with a sharp knife or chisel, and should not be over a third or half inch deep. Pour your melted solder into this, and after it has cooled, take out and break into sticks. After scraping the tin around the spot you wish to mend till it is bright, hold it over the lamp or any other heat that is great enough to melt the solder: a red hot piece of iron will do if you can press the tin against it; moisten the spot with the liquid by dipping the stick of solder in it and rubbing it gently over it. After it is thoroughly moistened, press your solder against it; do not move till it commences to dissolve, then move gently over the worn place till it has thoroughly covered it. We have mended, besides any quantity of tin ware, a brass kettle and granite-ware basin, which, I can't help but think, does pretty well for an amateur. If any of the ladies will take the pains to gather the ingredients, I think they will be well paid for the trouble, especially if they live far from town, or have a Tom, Dick or Harry that does not like to be bothered with bouncing old tin ware.—E. E. K.

GOOD WORDS WELL SPOKEN.—I would like to shake hands with Miss Bouton for *all* her HOUSEHOLD letters, but especially for that of October 8, on the necessity of health for success.

Women as a rule are most deplorably ignorant in regard to ways and means for keeping their bodies in a strong, healthy condition. I do not think I exaggerate, but rather underrate the true condition of things when I say that nineteen out of twenty are suffering almost every day of their lives and they accept it is a dispensation of Providence. If any one were to question the nineteen, probably about nine of them would say they "never expect to be well," and they probably never will be, because it would be "too much trouble" to live and dress naturally, as though it were not immeasurably more trouble never in be without that tired "dragged-out" feeling which seems to be inseparable from the most of womankind.

A housekeeper realizes that her work is much easier done if everything is kept clean and in order. She will take great pains to give her calves, pigs, hens, chickens and silkworms the kind of diet and care necessary to keep them healthy. It is the only *profitable* way to keep them. But do not these same rules apply to herself and family? For instance, how can she expect to be strong and live principally on fine wheat flour, from which all the bone and muscle making properties have been carefully excluded, strong coffee or tea two or three times a day, and meat ditto? Think of giving the poor stomach such a meal as that to digest after 6 at night, instead of letting it have the rest which it requires as much as any other part of the body. They must necessarily wake in the morning tired and exhausted, for our organs all sympathize with each other. Why are people so slow to find out that fresh, ripe fruit, especially for breakfast and dinner, is the most wholesome diet in the world, and will tone up the stomach better than anything else? It will also take away the desire for tea and coffee, which of itself should be a sufficient recommendation. Instead, if we have fruit at all, it must be cooked, sweetened and eaten for supper, which produces an acid which most stomachs do not call for at night. Then when we eat fresh fruit we eat it between meals, when nature in its unperverted state will not call for anything.

Another thing that will almost inevitably insure a weakly, diseased woman or man either is a pressure around the waist, or, as people say, "on the hips," though, unfortunately, the hips are several inches too low to perform that task. If women would all wear skirt supporters and their bands all loose enough to support the weight of the skirts from their hooks, so that there would be no pressure anywhere except on the shoulders; then leave off those stiff, ill-shaped corsets, only getting those which are of a natural shape, that is, one that is perfectly easy everywhere, they would soon find their indigestion, headaches, backaches, cold feet and other innumerable aches gradually disappearing. A woman would be able to get an occasional breath "below her waist line;" her blood would flow freely from the top of her head to the ends of her toes, she would forget all about her nerves and be altogether a different woman, which in a good many cases would be a great blessing.

Every family should take a reliable health journal as much as an agricultural paper. It is certainly as necessary.—A. S.

FEEDING BEES.—I know there are many readers of your valuable paper who are interested in bee keeping. How to make it the greatest success is the important question. Feeding bees when judiciously managed is the stepping stone to large yields of honey, and consequently large profits in dollars and cents. There can be no question as to the great benefit to be derived from feeding bees. The important point to be settled is, How, when and what to feed? It is as much a necessity to feed bees as to feed our domestic animals, cows, sheep, etc., or to apply manure to plants, or any crop the farmer cultivates, to stimulate growth and increase the product and consequent profit of the same. We should look at that farmer as either a fool or a lunatic who should furnish his domestic animals no food except what they obtained by grazing in the pastures and fields the year round. Yet this is a parallel case with the bee keeper who furnishes his bees with no feed except what they procure by their own industry.

We will first consider how to feed. Great care is required in feeding bees, not to incite robbing among the different swarms. We must not attempt to feed all together in the open air, for if we do the bees will get to fighting among themselves and many be killed, and perhaps many swarms will be entirely destroyed.

Each swarm must be fed in its own hive in such a manner that bees from other hives can not gain access to the feed.

Next, when to feed. When the weather is warm always feed about sunset. Feed lightly in early spring, to encourage breeding, so as to have a large number of bees to collect honey when the flowers bloom. A few days before the flowers bloom, feed very liberally, so as to get all parts of the store combs in main hive filled, so that the bees will have no room there to store honey, but must store in the boxes all they collect. When honey in flowers begins to fail at about the close of the honey season, feed to keep the cells from which bees are hatching filled with honey. If this is not done, the bees will move the honey from the boxes that are only partially filled to the cells of the brood combs as fast as the bees hatch to make room for it. But if fed they will with what they collect from flowers fill out the boxes.

I do not recommend feeding to fill boxes from the start, only to secure the finishing out of boxes nearly full, at close of honey season. Sugar syrup is good, wholesome food for the bee, and if we manage right we can secure for our own use nearly all that the bees collect from flowers.

Late in the fall, in warm days, feed each swarm until it has ample stores to last till we can commence to feed in spring.

Now, what to feed. In preparing sugar syrup to feed bees, use the best coffee-crushed sugar (not granulated, as that will turn back to sugar in the cells), such as is used for cooking purposes. If some of this is stored in the boxes with honey collected from flowers, it will in no way decrease its value or impair the flavor of the honey.

Feeding bees judiciously is a benefit to the consumer as well as the producer. It increases the product, makes honey cheaper, and does not impair the quality. By increasing the quantity produced by a swarm of bees, it increases the profit of that swarm in dollars and cents; by increasing the quantity of honey in the market it reduces prices per pound, and brings it within reach of all.

Nearly every family with a garden might keep a few swarms of bees with good profit. In commencing, get the best bees in the best hives, and mingle them on common sense principles.—MRS. LIZZIE E. COLTON.

Inquiries.

Will the one that gave a simple remedy for coughs please tell me whether the Greek valerian plant has another name? We have looked through two dispensatorys and cannot find any plant by that name.

Can any one tell me what will take linseed oil out of cashmere?

I could send directions for infants' crocheted boots if they are wanted.

Will the Editor tell me if she takes stamps for "Fancy Work and House Decoration."—MRS. O. J. R. FLAGLER, Iowa.

Stamps *are* taken for "Fancy Work and House Decoration." Send 25 cents and get one.—ED.

Will some one tell me how to prepare citron for drying so as to be like that we get in the stores?—MRS. KATE WILSON, Muskegon, Mich.

Will some one please tell me how to make a pretty hat mark, how the stamping is done and all about it?

When drinking lemonade with a person and he says "Luck to you," what should I say?

Is it wrong to have unknown correspondents?

Will some one please tell me what is good to wash the head to cleanse it from dirt and dandruff?—CONSTANT READER.

2. Say "thank you. The same to you." 3. It may not be wrong, but is exceedingly unwise, unless your correspondent is well known to some of your friends. 4. A few drops of ammonia in sufficient water to well wash the head is good, or a little powdered borax. Either will cleanse the hair or scalp beautifully, but they should not be used oftener than once a week.

Will some one tell me through the HOUSEHOLD how to varnish old gossamers or gum coats, or something that will prevent them from leaking, and also how to make a good wholesome sweet cake for school lunch.—PEGGY.

Does any member of the HOUSEHOLD department know a sure cure for scrofula?—MRS. M. J. H.

Can any of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will make long, straight hair curl? Answer through the BLADE. I would like a wide-pointed lace to be knit of red worsted.—SCHOOL GIRL.

Will some kind reader of the BLADE please give directions for building a skiff? Also small sail boats. How to put a sail on? How large, etc.?—JOHN KLINE, Sparce, Ill.

Will some of the HOUSEHOLD tell me a cure for the toothache, something that will kill the nerve and loosen the tooth at the same time, so it will not be so painful to be extracted?—MRS. L. M. C.

Any one who has been troubled with catarrhal sore throat, that has been standing several months, and received a permanent cure will confer a great blessing on one sorely afflicted, and perhaps to many, by giving method of treatment that led to a cure, through the BLADE.—MRS. B.

Can you inform me through the columns of the BLADE, where there is an establishment for the removal of superfluous hair by electricity?—MRS. H.

There is one in St. Louis and also one in New York. It is probable that all large cities now have such physicians.—ED.

I am a cowboy, and some times have to cook. I take the BLADE. Please ask in your column how to make custard pies and jelly roll, and how to bake them.—COWBOY.

Can silk culture be carried on in the state of New York in latitude 44? Is there anything they will do well on besides many orange or mulberry, as it is not very plentiful here? Would they eat grape or red raspberry leaves? In case orange commences, and how long will it take to grow enough to feed worms? How many worms do they have to be fed? Can I get osage orange at the Agricultural department, Washington, free of charge? Can any one give a recipe for varnishing a map so it won't crack when rolled? What will take spot stain from a carpet?—CONLEY.

Answers to Inquiries.

Some one writes to know how to decorate a window. If she means to ask in regard to curtains, the following is a stylish way, and not very expensive: Get some pretty Madras cloth or any light material that has coloring, and cut curtains just as long as the window. These are to be fastened either to the upper part of the sash, or what would be more convenient about lowering it, to the frame just above, but so the curtains hang close to the glass. These are drawn back and tied at the side rather low. Then have another pair just reaching to the floor, which may be of scrym or lace, or of more expensive goods. These are to be looped a little higher than the others, so as to show the latter. The effect is very pretty. Where there is but one pair of curtains to a window, it is quite fashionable to make the two of different material.

You will find descriptions of beautiful scarfs and covers for center table in the new "Fancy Work and House Decoration."—ED.

Tell "Busybody" to use bread crumbs to remove the grease spot from her woolen dresses. Roll the crumbs over the spots with the hands, renewing the crumbs as often as they become soggy, until the spots are removed.—MRS. J. J. GARRETT, 23 South avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

I often see questions in the BLADE I could answer, but neglect doing so. I was cured of chronic diorrhea by taking Turkish rhubarb the size of a pea, for three nights. I repeated the operation two or three times, when I was cured permanently. It will often cure summer complaint.

The way I prepare wild plums: Stew them in a little water, then rub them through a sieve. To the pulp add an equal amount of sugar.

Alderberries: I take the juice of wild grapes, boil it a little, add the alderberries and can them. They make nice pies or sauce.

A harmless remedy for pimples.—Take a small bottle, fill it loosely with epsom salts then fill the bottle with rain water. Rub on, leave the sediment on for a while at least. Soda will cure warts, but it is a slow remedy. Wet the wart and cover with soda several times a day. They will gradually disappear and leave no scar.

Corn boiled in lye is another sure remedy for chicken cholera. Plenty of ashes and occasionally a little sulphur scattered around the coop is a help to keep down vermin. Smoke the hen house and coop to kill mites.

What I do with soap grease. Take a barrel, make some holes in one side of the bottom, put in a little straw or hay, put in hard or good wood ashes, pour on water but not enough to run through, let them soak for a few days. Then draw off the lye and put in a large jar or keg with your grease. Stir occasionally. The lye will settle, but there will be good soap next to the grease. I do so and it makes as fast as I want to use soft soap. If it does not you can put it in a kettle and cook it. It keeps the grease clean and free from worms and from getting musty.—RUBY.

Does every body know that burnt alum powdered is the best thing in the world to put into an old sore, especially if there is any proud flesh in it?—MRS. C. C. PARSONS.

"Mrs. H. B.," Portland, Me., your questions about society customs and manners are all answered in "Social Etiquette," which you can get by sending $1 to the Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O.—ED.

If "Anxious Parents" will send their address to me I will tell them what to do for their little girl who has fits. I would send it through the BLADE only it is too long.—MRS. N. L. HARRIS, Eudora, Kas.

Our friends need not be afraid of trespassing on the space, if they have something which will do many persons great good, as would seem to be the case with the above. The HOUSEHOLD is designed to be the family helper.—ED.

I wish to answer the question of "Ella Clingensmith" in regard to a book that treats on dressmaking. There is such a book, it not only gives full directions for cutting and fitting by chart, but tells how each piece is to be put together. The chart represented, gate the entire garment, waist, sleeve, skirt, polanaise, wrapper, or any article desired for children's wear, and is a perfect fit. It also includes a guide for cutting and preparing trimming for the same. I have bad mine for some time and find that the price of the chart can be easily saved in making one dress. A lady who can sew neatly can do her own dressmaking or sew for others just as well by the use of this chart and instruction book as if she had spent three months valuable time as an apprentice. The retail price of the manufactures is $1.75, but as we are not allowed to advertise in these columns, I cannot give you the firm's address, but if you or any other lady of the HOUSEHOLD will address me with stamp I will gladly give you all the information I can.—MRS. EMMA WOODMANSEE, corner of Washington street and Lawrence avenue, Toledo, O.

Mrs. A. M. Rover's way of drying sweet corn. I always use the evergreen, though it is a little late, but think it the sweetest. First, it strip it clean of husks and silks; then, with a sharp knife, skalp the tips of the grains off, or, better yet, slit them by drawing the knife lengthwise of the rows, then with the back of the knife push out the pulp, then spread it on pie-pans and heat in the oven until the milk is well cooked, then spread on plates and set out in the sun to dry, which it will soon do. I think this the best way yet.

For those who are suffering with neuralgia, I have my experience: Bathe the face and hold cold water in the mouth where the pain is. This looks unreasonable, but it is a fact that it gives instant relief. Try it.—A READER.

Recipes.

Canning Pears.—A long time ago I promised to send the sisters a recipe for canning pears. Peel the pears. Throw into cold water until you have what you can can at one time. Put a kettle part full of water on the stove, put your steamer over it and when it gets boiling hot put the pears in the steamer, let them steam until you can run a straw through them. While they are steaming make a syrup of sugar and water, from 1 to 2 pounds of sugar to 1 gallon of pears. When done, fill your cans with fruit, Pour your syrup over them and seal. They will be splendid.—WIDOW BEDOTT.

Peach Jelly.—Make a thin syrup with ten ounces of sugar and half a pint of water. Then take ten or twelve ripe peaches, pare them, cut them in halves and take out the stones, bruising the kernels of half of them. Now put the halved peaches, together with the bruised kernels, into the syrup and allow them to simmer for fifteen minutes, adding for flavor the rest of two lemons and the juice of three. Then strain the jelly through a jelly bag, add ten ounces of dissolved gelatine and pour it into a mold, which should be placed on the ice until the jelly becomes stiff enough to turn out. The peaches themselves may be utilized as a compote.—CATERER.

Mangoes.—Feel your melons, cut out two or more sections according to the size, take out the inside, cook in tin or earthen, take 1 part vinegar to 3 of water, and cook in this until tender. Do not cook too much. Take out and drain. Then fill with chopped cabbage and other things that make nice pickles. Put a stick of cinnamon in the pot, your ball of twine on the table. Put on the right section, then tie, wrapping the string several times around. Place them in your jar. Take 2 lbs. of sugar to 1 pt. of good cider vinegar, and spices to taste, 1 teaspoonful of each to 2 qts. of vinegar. Let this come to a boil. Pour over. They will be splendid.—MRS. C. C. PARSONS.

Melon Mangoes.—Take green melons and make a brine strong enough to bear up an egg; then pour it boiling hot on the melons, keeping them under the brine; let them stand five or six days, slit them on one side, take out all the seeds, scraps well inside and wash clean. Then take cloves, ginger, nutmeg, pepper and garlic; put all these proportionately into the melons, filling them up with mustard seeds; then lay them into an earthen pot and take one part of mustard seed and two parts of vinegar, enough to cover them, pouring it on scalding hot. Keep closely covered.—ORVA MANNING.

"Mrs. T. J. C." will find the following a sure cure for cholera morbus. It was taken from a newspaper about twelve years ago; we are never without it: Take equal parts of camphor, mint, cayenne pepper, rhubarb, peppermint and laudanum. Dose 10 to 30 drops for an adult; give the baby 1 drop and repeat as you find necessary.—MRS. P. J. STACY.

I have noticed recently quite a number of statements published in the BLADE regarding the number of pieces contained in different quilts, and wish to tell the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD that I attended the Barren County, Ky., fair last week and saw on exhibition a quilt made by Miss Laura Dickson, of Glasgow, Ky., that contained 39,672 piece. Who can beat it?—E. T. SMITH.

Walter Scott's Doughnuts.—Three eggs, 1 coffee cup sugar, 1 coffee cup sour milk, 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 1 teaspoonful saleratus, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, 1 tablespoonful ginger, 1 teaspoonful cinnamon, flour enough to make soft dough to roll out.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: Of Ourselves we will be Masters.

Pledge.

WE DO HEREBY PROMISE OURSELVES THAT FROM THIS TIME UNTIL WE ARE 21 YEARS OLD WE WILL NOT TASTE INTOXICATING LIQUORS OF ANY KIND, AND WE WILL EXERT ALL OF OUR INFLUENCE TO PREVENT THEIR USE BY OTHERS. WITNESS OUR NAMES:

PLACE NOT GIVEN.
Ada Crosby,
Arthur South,
Grace South,
Walter Crosby,
Jesse Crosby,
Emma Schleeter,
Charlie Schleeter.

MOUNDS, MO.
Sarah Turpning,
Onnie Landon,
Mattie Turpning,
Clair Landon,
Otis Bump,
Theodore Bump,
Minnie Turpning,
George Civil.

NO RESIDENCE GIVEN.
Addie Jones,
Ellie Jones,
May Collier,
Blanche Phillips,
Lena Dawes,
Stella Nichols,
Clint Kendall,
Ole Cooper,
Ross Blake,
Otis Bailey,
Bertie Orndoff,
Walter Murray,
Johnnie Varnon,
Henry Ingliking,
Johnnie Chester,
Jim Amos,
Howard Phillips,

MARYSVILLE, KAN.
Kate McKeever.

ESKRIDGE, KAN.
Pearlie Rhinehart,
Clifton Rhinehart.

GRAPE GROVE, O.
John McDonald.

GODDARD, KAN.
Orville A. Dee.

CARTHAGE, MO.
Haviland E. Smith,
Wilbord N. Smith,

IDA, ILL.
F. R. Burke,
Orville Burke.

GREENFIELD, KAN.
Charlie Dosh.

SYRACUSE, IND.
Arthur Blanchard.

SOUTH ELGIN, ILL.
Frank Brown.

KEYSTONE, IND.
S. G. Sheliabarger.

ANTWERP, O. (SCHOOL)
Clara Stookey,
Mary Mallin,
May Barker,
Eva Barnett,
Minnie McCabe,
Jane White,
Maudie Snook,
Maudie Barnhart,
Nellie Raymer,
Nellie Tanner,
Lillie Gets,
Mabel Harris,
Mertie Harris,
Minnie Craft,
Bertie Henderson,
Mary McCabe,
Clara Yagers,
Eliza Barker,
Lelie Barnhart,
Minnie Burnham,
Emma Zuber.

WALDRON, ILL.
Harvey Swan,
John Swan.

STUART, NEB.
Clarence Gollry,
Nora L. Bullark.

HUNTER, ILL.
John H. Ramsay,
Kittie A. Dohnoghure.

SWANTON, O.
Ollie S. Eddy,
Rosa F. Eddy,
Carrie Hou eman,
Maily Houseman,
Elsie Houseman,
Grace Berry,
Cora Brown,
May Cunningham,
Grant Northrup,
Minerva Dull.

GENEVA, O.
Claudia Frent.

PLEASANT VALLEY, CONN.
Addie Brooks.

EAGLE VILLAGE, N. Y.
Ellis L. Chamberlin.

HOUGHTON, MICH.
Bessie Prince.
Willie Prince.

WATERMAN, ILL.
Ella J Thomason.

BURLINGTON, IA.
Lizzie Moore,
Walter C. Moore.

TOLEDO, O.
Hermie Reuss,
Harry Rouse,
Charles C. Lohr.

SPICKARDSVILLE, MO.
Sophia Seals,
A. W. Seals,
J. W. Seals,
Henry Seals,
Willie Seals,
Raymond Seals.

NEW SPRINGFIELD, O.
Byron H. Reddy,

NO RESIDENCE GIVEN.
Edgar S. Richard,
Arthur B. Richard.

FLOYDS, WIS.
George H. Grover,
Hugh D. Grover.

ROCKFORD, ILL.
Jessie Millard,
Freddie Millard.

PANDORA, O.
Mirna F. Day,
Electa M. Day.

TOPEKA, KAS.
Clara B. Day,
Lyndon F. Day.

BAYARD, IA.
Nora Moore.

CORTELLO, PA.
J. P. Herrick,
James Moran,
Thos. Moran,
Michael Swain,
Willie Swain,
Frank Herrick,
Byron Thorne,
Robert Sullivan,
Bennie Woolheater,
Frank Clark,
Sumner Clark,
Annie Herrick,
May Ives,
Mary Hamer.

SPRINGFIELD, KAS.
M. Alice James,
Maude C. James,
Spencer James,
Grace E. Phillips.

ORIENELL, IA.
John N. Houghton,
Arthur Jones,
Burton Jones,
Arthur Read,
Elmer Read,
Albert H. Desch.

KILWOOD, ILL.
Fred C. Decker,
Lena McMahan,
Anna McMahan,
Nannie F. McMahan,
Henry McMahan.

GRAND MOUND, IA.
Kittie M. Jordan,
Jessie M. Jordan,
Louie E. Jordan.

KLUETT SVILLE.
Gertrude Pauley,
Regie Pauley.

GOSKEN, IND.
Lalla Boubaker.

WHITE OAK, MICH.
Mary E. Thompson,
Bert Stevens,
Maggie Smith,
Cora White,
Sarah Thompson.

COMMERCE, IA.
Perry A. Brubaker,
George R. Brubaker.

VERY CRUZ, MO.
Carl Trowbridge,
Louis Y. Trowbridge.

ALBION, WIS.
Lillie M. Babcock,
Henry C. Babcock,
Grace E. Babcock.

HEBRON, ILL.
Mabel Woodworth,
Arthur Woodworth.

VALPARAISO, IND.
Emily Philley,
Walla Philley,
Vernon Philley.
Hass Philley.

IRVING, MINN.
Nora A. Pool,
Daisy M. Pool,
John Pool,
Genevieve Dobson,
George W. Dobson,
Maggie George,
Willie George.
Kate Vanvorst,
Ava Burgess.

DAYTON, IND.
Allie Gipe,
Dora B. Gipe,
Pearl Gipe.

MORLEY, MO.
Ira J. Tripp.

JUNNEL CITY, WIS.
Ethel Maynard.

Names this week, 178. Total, 274.

GROWN-UP LAND.

Good morrow, fair maid, with lashes brown,
Can you tell me the way to Womanhood Town?

Oh, this way and that way—never a stop;
'Tis picking up stitches grandma will drop,
'Tis kissing the baby's troubles away,
'Tis learning that cross words never will pay,
'Tis helping mother, 'tis sewing up rents,
'Tis reading and playing, 'tis saving the cents,
'Tis loving and smiling, forgetting to frown,
Oh, that is the way to Womanhood town.

Just wait, my brave lad—one moment, I pray;
Manhood Town lies where? Can you tell the way?

Oh, by toiling and trying we reach that land,
A bit with the head, a bit with the hand—
'Tis by climbing up the steep hill, Work,
'Tis by keeping out of the wide street, Shirk,
'Tis by always taking the weak one's part,
'Tis by giving the mother a happy heart,
'Tis by keeping bad thoughts and actions down,
Oh, that is the way to Manhood Town.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand
To their fair estates in the Grown-up Land.
—*City and Country.*

THAT AWFUL WOODPILE.

Coming home from school one day, I found a large pile of wood before our door.

"There's work for you, Willie," said Ned Blake, the boy who was with me.

"Your father had better do as my father does—hire a man to get it in. It is too much for a boy, mother says, and it will take the whole of Wednesday afternoon. You will have no time for play. Now, Will, I would not do that, I tell you."

This was the substance of Ned's talk as we stood before the woodpile, and the more he said the bigger it grew. By the time he left me I began to think myself a poorly used boy indeed.

"There is work for you, Willie," said mother, as I sidled into the kitchen. "Did you see that beautiful wood at the gate as you came in?"

"I should think I did!" I muttered to myself, but said nothing aloud, only asking how father was. He was ill, and had been for many months, and the family funds, I knew, were becoming low.

"It is a monstrous pile," I at length said, getting a glimpse of it from the window.

"So much the better for us, Willie," said the mother, cheerfully. "A long winter is before us, you know."

Dinner was soon ready, the table spread in the little kitchen, and father was helped out from an adjoining room by his two little daughters, one on each side. Father and mother sat down to our frugal meal with thankful hearts, I am sure. The girls chatted as usual, while I sat brooding over that "awful woodpile." I am afraid that my chief dish was a dish of pouts. Father asked me several questions, but I took no part in the pleasant table talk.

"Well, my boy," said father, after dinner, "there's that wood to be put in. No school this afternoon, so you will have time enough. You had better do it the first thing."

"It will take the whole afternoon," I said coldly. "The boys are going nutting."

I was not sure of this, but anything in the way of an objection to the wood. My father said nothing. Dear, dear father! God forgive me for wounding his feelings!

"Mother," I said, following her into the pantry, "Ned Blake's father hires a man to get his wood in. His mother thinks it is too much for a boy to do. Why does not father hire one?"

"Ah," said my mother, sadly, "the Blakes are better off than we. Your poor father—"

Tears came into her eyes, she stopped. Mary ran in where we were, and I half ashamed of myself, escaped out of the door.

Still Ned Blake's words rankled in me and I thought it was too bad; nor did the brisk west winds blow off the fumes of the foolish grumbling which made a coward of me. I sat on the wood block, my hands in my pockets and shuffled my feet among the chips in sour discontent.

"It is such a monstrous pile!" I said to myself a dozen times.

Presently out came mother. I jumped up.

"Willie," she said cheerfully, "I would go to work ear

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, brief crop reports, etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with subscription letters. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Information Wanted.

CHEAP ICE HOUSE.—Can you give me any information in regard to an ice house that can be built for about $300? There is a man of Indiana that has a patent on one. Do you know of such an one?—S. G. GUARD, St. Marys, Kas. [An intelligent farmer has this to say regarding a cheap way of building an ice house: Many are deterred from building an ice house because they fancy it must be a costly structure If the house is to be an attractive addition to the farm, or in keeping with other attractive buildings, it, of course, cannot be built at a small outlay. But here the cost is to be charged against its attractiveness, and not against its efficiency as a preserver of ice. And no matter how elegant the other buildings may be, and how much pride the farmer may feel in the attractiveness of his home, if he is not disposed to erect a tasteful icehouse he can easily locate it in some out-of-the-way place, where it will not be conspicuous.

All that is required of an icehouse is that it hold sawdust around the ice, keep the rain off it and drain the water away from it. The materials used in its construction may be of the cheapest, rudest character, and yet the house will keep the ice just as well as if it cost $200.

I know of an icehouse erected by one of my neighbors at a cost ridiculously small, and yet the ice is preserved perfectly.

The sides are of poles, laid up into a pen twelve feet wide, eighteen feet long and ten feet high, the poles being notched slightly where they cross to prevent rolling and to lessen the cracks between them. The gables are left open—to give ventilation, which is an important matter. A floor is made and proper drainage acquired by laying rail pieces close together till they form a layer a foot thick. The roof, projecting three feet at each end, is of clapboards, nailed to cross-pieces made of poles, the cross-pieces resting upon pole rafters. It will be seen that all the materiel, except the nails used in putting the roof and the materials for the door, was worked out of the timber, of which my neighbor has an abundance, and he and his hand did all the work themselves. In filling the house, the blocks are laid within eighteen inches of the poles, and the space between is filled with sawdust as the ice is built up. Where timber is not so plenty, a serviceable structure can be built at a cost but little greater than the cost of this one. Refuse boards or slabs can be used for the sides, nailing them up and down; and a board roof will answer the purpose very well. The house should be built on high ground, so that no surface water may get into it, and it is well to cut a shallow ditch around the building.

In filling, cut the blocks as large as possible and pack them as closely as possible. Crevices, which build air, are best reduced on the start. In the spring watch for holes, and close them as soon as they are found Even in March the air will be warm enough often to make holes. And if the air is allowed to circulate through holes it melts the ice rapidly.

On some farms it will be difficult to get good ice. Where there is a stream fed by springs, or a very large stream fed in any way clear, pure ice can be procured. A pond, unless it is quite large and stock have been kept from it for some time, will not yield ice fit to be used. No amount of freezing will make purely wholesome ice out of foul water. It is quite as essential that water for the ice supply should be as pure as the ordinary family water supply. The germs of disease are not so often carried in water after it is congealed as before, but there is always danger from unclean water in any form.

MUD FEVER—SCRATCHES—GREASE HEEL.—Will you please explain through your paper what the mud fever on horses is? Also the difference between scratches and grease heel—the cause of each and a cure for each, not merely a remedy—and oblige.—A READER, Lamont, Mich. [During a long spell of wet weather and muddy roads, the skin of horses' legs grow tender and irritated to that a slight fever for a few days results, and the hair comes off in little patches called "mud scalds," giving animals' legs the appearance of being peppered with shot corns. Grease heel or eczema is a very common form of skin disease in the horse, and, although not dangerous to life, in many cases almost defies the veterinary skill. Jennings says, regarding grease heel:

This is the result of weakness in the capillary vessels of the feet and legs, and is often preceded by dropsical effusion, which frequently exist upon the leg as far back as the hock or knee. Common bred horses are supposed to be more liable to this disease, while thoroughbred are comparatively free from its attacks.

The principal causes are probably overfeeding and want of exercise; since we generally find the disease associated with a plethoric condition of the animal. As symptomatic, the skin at first is hot, red, swollen and tender, and discharges a white, offensive matter, of a greasy feeling. As the disease advances, this discharge thickens into the form of tears, and becomes hard, presenting a grapy appearance. Abscesses are sometimes formed about the heels, causing the sloughing away of a large portion of them.

This disease requires constitutional, as well as local treatment. Give internally for four days one of the following balls: Of Barbadoes aloes, one ounce; pulverized gentian root, half an ounce; pulverized ginger, two drachms; mix with molasses, and divide into four balls. Follow this with half drachm doses of nux vomica powdered; wash the parts well with soap and water, and apply flax seed poultices, mixed with a solution of sulphate of zinc, until the inflammation is considerably reduced; then dress daily either with glycerine, or a solution of sulphate of zinc, or the castor oil and collodion wash. If the discharge is very offensive, use powdered charcoal and soap suds, allowing it to dry upon the legs; a solution of the chloride of lime may also be used; or a weak solution of corrosive sublimate is beneficial.

Scratches, or mud fever, (described above) are on all four legs at one time. The skin of the heels is dry and cracked. The horse is irritable and some general fever is noted. It is generally confined to the hind feet. For treatment, wash well with soap and water. Take a shaving or other soft brush, and make a lather of soap and water, with which mix a small quantity of powdered charcoal; rub this well in the fetlock, and let it dry; after which it can be rubbed off. Two or three applications are generally all that are necessary. This is said to be excellent: Solution of subacetate of lead, one ounce; glycerine, eight ounces. Mix and apply to the parts.—ED.]

SEED SUCKERS.—Can any of the readers of the BLADE tell me at what time to plant evergreen seed, such as cedar, arbor vitæ, white pine, and also how to plant? Would like all the information in regard to it so as to be successful in making them grow.—MRS. M. K. NOLIN, Seaman, Kas.

WHAT CAN BE DONE FOR HIM.—I have a horse that to all appearances is well, but usually of a frisk and active nature and movement. He has for a few weeks past seemed stupid and dull. He eats well and is gaining in flesh, but his natural vivacity and activity have given way to slow dull plodding. He is a horse of far more than ordinary speed, and so far as I know has never been sick. His feed is oats, and he eats about twelve quarts a day. Can you or any of your readers tell me what to do for him.—X. Y. Z. [If your horse has no symptoms of sickness, perhaps you have him so fat that he is lazy. A light bonin might do him some good, such as nitrate of iron and ammonia, six drachms. Powder it and divide it into twelve powders. Give one of these two or three times a day on mash, or dissolve in drinking water, or as a drench in water. A plain bran mash might suffice: Bran, one peck; boiling water enough to scald in thoroughly. Stir and give when milk warm. Give three times, three or four days apart.—ED.]

HARD RISING BELOW THE EYE.—One of my young horses has a peculiar hard rising about three inches below his left eye, on a line from the eye to the nostril. It is not sharp, but quite flat, and being bumped with the fingers, sounds as if it were a bony formation. It was caused, I think by a bruise received in playing with a horse that carried a yoke. It is slightly tender to the touch. Of late his left nostril has emitted copious discharges of matter, indicating that this rising has broken within and is a running sore. The discharge increases when he is working. There are hard lumps under his jaws a little below the angle. He is in good order, full of spirit and has a very good appetite. Now, how can I cure him, or is it likely he will outgrow it? Or, is their danger of it running into something serious?—J. K., Highland, Ills.—[In this case the services of a veterinary are at once necessary. Necrosis, or decay of the bone may have already set in. If the bone has been splintered the particles should be removed by incision and removal. When this is done, the wound must be washed with carbolic acid water. This may not be necessary in the case of your horse, but he should be examined by a competent judge to ascertain what is necessary. Had your horse not been injured, the case would indicate glanders, in its chronic form. In glanders there is a peculiar rising of the nasal bone. The general health may seem to be scarcely affected. There will be a discharge, often from one nostril, usually the near one, of a thin, sticky fluid, which has not a very unpleasant oder, sometimes no oder at all, and which dries and accumulates around the nasal opening. On feeling beneath the jaw, the swollen glands will be felt like a hard knot, which, however, may disappear for a time, to improve. The membrane of the nostril will prove to have a tawny, coppery, or dull leaden hue. The eye of the affected side will be weak and watery. We advise you, by all means, to consult a veterinary. —ED.]

ASHES.—As a subscriber I would like an answer to these questions. 1. What is the value of coal clinkers and ashes, particularly clinkers; also wood ashes applied to heavy soils? Will it make them lighter and more productive? 2. Are they of any benefit in driving away wire worms, grubs, cut worms, angle worms, etc? [1. Coal clinkers or coal ashes are of no value. Wood ashes applied to heavy soil are good. 2. They are of no special benefit in driving away wire worms, etc.—ED.

Answers to Inquiries.

In the BLADE of October 23, I. H. Plumer, of Aspinwall, Iowa, wants to know how to raise artichokes and where to obtain them. All he has to do is to prepare his land the same as he would for corn or potatoes, and then plant in drills two and one-half feet apart. About three bushels will plant an acre. Cut in small pieces one pice in a place, five or six inches apart and cultivate same as corn, and all is done. Every piece will grow, no matter how small. About the first of November he can turn his hogs in, and let them run until April, and there will be plenty left in the ground for a crop next year. He can harrow or cultivate the ground in the spring and will have a crop next year. No need to replant, and they will continue the seed themselves every year. I have about one acre that has been planted about eight years, and they are all right yet. The hogs cannot annihilate them. They cost about 75c. per bushel.—JAMES N. DECKER, Sylvester, Mich.

The Hollow Horn Question.

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

As there has been some writing on the subject of hollow horns, I thought I would give my experience with that disease. In the spring of 1871 I had a very fine high grade short-horn cow that lost flesh very rapidly, and about the first of May she dropped twins. I did everything in the way of food that I could, but still she did not improve. I was satisfied that she had hollow horn, but was advised not to bore her horns, as it hurt the looks, but to cure it some other way. She continued to get worse until about the last of June, when I saw that she would die if she was not helped soon, and as a last resort I bored her horns, putting in pepper and salt. There was nothing in her horns inside of the outside shell. I could distinctly see and feel her breath come out of the holes that I bored. Her voice, before starving, sounded hollow as if in a barrel or in a large cave. I never saw such quick and rapid improvement on an animal in my life. In one week she looked and acted like a different cow. In about one week from the first boring I opened her horns again This time there was some blood. That was all that was ever done. From that on she gained rapidly and was completely cured. Now as to hollow horns in cows, disease or only the effect, I cannot tell, or how boring them effects a cure. I have tried the same remedy once since on nearly as bad a case, with the same result. I know there was no "brush heap" in those cases. I suppose that all those high learned cow doctors will say that it was something else, and there is nothing of the kind.—R. A. M.

Poultry for Farmers' Diet.

Boston Cultivator: Almost every year the observed statement goes its rounds through the agricultural press that a pound of poultry flesh is usually grown as a pound of pork and brings double the price. It is enough to say of this that if the first half of this statement were true the last would not be. What is cheaply produced can be sold cheaply, and vice versa. Poultry, as flesh, costs more per pound than any other meat. Hogs make into flesh a larger proportion of what they eat than any other domestic animal. It is the fact that makes their flesh the staple food on more tables in this and many other countries than either poultry, beef or mutton. We do not like to discourage the growing of poultry, but encouraging it with false ideas about its cheapness of production benefits nobobody. There is enough to be said in favor of poultry raising in the profits of egg production. This may and often does make it possible for the farmer to eat his home-grown poultry at as little expense as his home-grown pork. And most farmers would be better off if they ate poultry until they advanced its price to something like what the flesh by itself has cost them.

Assorting Apples.

Any farmer who reads the price lists of fruits in our leading cities will soon note the wide discrepancy in price between first and second or third-class. The two latter are not worth freight and commission for any distance. It is a very common mistake to mix first and second-class in the barrel with an idea that in this way better prices for the whole can be obtained. The dealer who receives such a package, on the contrary, is obliged to reassort it, and he does it at considerably greater expense than it would require to do at home by the farmer himself. If only a small part of the apple crop is first-class, ship that, and by freeing the trees of insects make the fruit better another season. In hundreds of orchards if the apple trees had been sprayed with paris green last June and July the codling moth would be small, the fruit would now be all first-class and need very little assorting.

Keeping Apples.

American Garden: A low temperature ranging from 30° to 36°, and never above 40°, is the primary and principal condition of apple storage. Extreme dryness was formerly considered of great importance, but later experience has proved the fallacy of this supposition. In fact, it has been found that if the temperature is kept low enough, apples will keep ketter in a damp than in a dry atmosphere. We know of several instances in which apples placed completely under water have kept in good condition all winter, and but a few weeks ago we have eaten apples that have stood under the drip of an ice-house for nearly a year, and that were as fresh and sound as when picked off the tree in September. Only when existing conditions do not admit of the lowering of the temperature to the most desirable degree, becomes dry storage more advantageous.

An Orchard Fertilizer.

American Agriculturist: The best fertilizer I have used for fruit trees is made of chip dirt from the woodpile and old ashes. I mix in the proportion of one bushel of the ashes to three of the chip dirt, stirring well with the shovel. About two bushels of this mixture is to be spread around each young tree, giving large, well grown trees more. The manure is applied at any season. Do not harbor around the trees any litter or rubbish that would harbor mice. In summer keep the weeds from around the trees. Experience has taught me that this fertilizer serves a very important purpose, not only in supplying the trees with suitable food, but in mellowing the soil and helping on such crops as I may choose to plant in my orchard. It is an excellent fertilizer for any crop, annual or perennial, and the ashes from hard wood supply the trees with the element they most need and the soil lacks, namely, potash.

Regularity in Feeding Fowls.

City and Country: Regularity is very necessary in the feeding of fowls. It does not subserve a very good purpose to feed one's hens one morning early and the next late. We do not feel well ourselves by taking our meals irregular; neither do the fowls like to be attended in that style. Two meals a day is sufficient, and the morning meal should be a mash of some kind and be given warm. In the evening grain should be furnished them. Some object to the feeding of whole corn in the evening, but the objections are not well founded. By filling the crop over night digestion and nutrition proceed without loss of time.

Plant More Apple Trees.

Let any farmer compute the sum which a full annual crop of apples would produce, even at a low rate per bushel, and he will be surprised to find how much more valuable his apple orchard is than any part of the farm devoted to grain growing. With good management and manuring a full crop of apples may be grown every year with as much certainty as any grain crop and with much less expense.

Fowls For the Table.

The *Indiana Farmer* tells how to prepare fowls for the table. Those that have free range of the fields are much better quality than those confined. I can easily believe this, and should hesitate to pick the bones of one that inhabits a foul chicken house as a permanent abode. Can anything good come out of such a place? We shall hardly go so far as to claim that this can affect the eggs, but shall not attempt to decide.

There is considerable excitement at Chico, Cal., over the discovery that the late appointment of the postmaster for that city was accomplished through a fraudulent petition sent to Washington. An investigation has been ordered.

News of the Week.

LINCOLN'S POLICY.

His Proposition to Pay the South $300,000,000, Abolish Slavery and Stop the War.

The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* prints editorially the following interesting facts in connection with Pres. Lincoln and the war:

A number of personal friends were discussing some incidents of the late war; one of them spoke of Mr. Lincoln's aversion to bloodshed, and in illustration said that he had it from a member of the cabinet of the war period that Mr. Lincoln, on his return from the Hampton Road conference in February, 1865, proposed to his cabinet to submit a message to Congress giving to the Southern states an amount of money equal to the probable cost of the war from that time to its close, on condition of their laying down their arms and returning to their loyalty to the Union. The editor of the *Globe-Democrat*, hearing of the conversation, sent a memorandum of it to Hon. John P. Usher, who was at the time referred to Mr. Lincoln's secretary of the Interior, and is now a resident of Lawrence, Kas., requesting him to state his recollection as to its correctness. From Mr. Usher's reply, which was received Friday, we make the following extract:

"Soon after his (Lincoln's) return from the James, the cabinet was convened, and he read to it for approval a message which he had prepared to be submitted to Congress, in which he recommended that Congress appropriate $300,000,000, to be apportioned among the several states in proportion to the slave population, to be distributed to the holders of slaves in those states, upon condition that they would consent to the abolition of slavery and the disbanding of the insurgent army, and would acknowledge and submit to the laws of the United States. The members of the cabinet were all opposed. He seemed somewhat surprised at that and asked, 'How long will the war last?' No one answered; but he soon said, 'A hunded days. Well, we are spending now in carrying on the war $3,000,000 a day, which will amount to all this money, besides all the lives.' With a deep sigh he added, 'But you are all opposed to me, and I will not send the message.'"

THE OHIO ELECTION.

The Contest in Hamilton County—Democratic Trickery at Columbus.

In accordance with the order of the Circuit court of Hamilton county, the relators in the election mandamus proceedings came before Judges Cox, Swing and Smith Wednesday, with their petition made more definite and certain. They had gotten a peep at the poll book and tally sheets, and made their allegations specific and clear. In the amended petition each Republican senator, who is a holdover senator, avers "that defendants have failed to canvass and abstract the returns of said election according to law, and are still failing to do so. They have canvassed and abstracted a large number of votes which do not appear upon the legal returns of said election returns to said clerk, and credited the same to the Democratic candidates for senators."

A Columbus special to the Cleveland *Leader* says: For some reason that does not appear on the surface, the Democrats are effervescing with an eye to secure the commission of Alexander Huston, alleged to have been elected common pleas judge of Hamilton county. Lou Bernard, the man Friday of the Democracy of Cincinnati and emissary of John McLean, made a special pilgrimage to this city on Saturday last, but failed to induce Gen. Robinson to issue the commission. Louis was much disappointed, and before he left appointed Gov. Hoadly minister plenipotentiary to secure this coveted document. Gov. Hoadly made several attempts, but was each time met with a refusal from the secretary of state on the ground that he would not sign a commission until the returns from Hamilton county had been received. This unseeming haste indicates that they are anxious to place themselves in a position to fight in the courts for the offices they have gained by fraud. They propose to fight with the offices in their possession and the boodle to back them furnished from the pockets of the people.

Canon Farrar in New York.

Canon Farrar christened an infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward M. Field at the Cyrus W. Field residence at Dobbs Ferry. The child, which is a grandson of Cyrus, was named Harold Farrar.

The banquet to the archdeacon in New York was very successful. In his speech he said: Of all bodies in the world, parliament was the calmest, and the least likely to be swayed by emotion. Twice he had seen its members manifestly thrilled; once when Mr. Gladstone made use of the words: "The evils wrought by drink are more deadly than the three great scourges of war, famine and pestilence, because more continuous. I do not undertake to say concerning America what may be the stain on the hem of her garment," he said of temperance, "but I do say of England that not only is the hem stained, but it has dyed all her white robes deep enough and carmine enough to incarnatine all the seas over which she rules."

John B. Gough traveled 200 miles to be present. There was an impressive scene, when, in closing a short address, he stepped forward and exclaimed: "God bless you, Canon Farrar, for what you have done for humenity!" The guest of the evening bowed as if receiving a benediction, and Mr. Gough repeated his words, which greatly moved the audience.

The Monument at Gettysburg.

Representatives of the Indiana troops engaged in the battle of Gettysburg arrived there Wednesday. The various points were visited, informal addresses being made at each. In the evening dedicatory services were held in the court-house, and the monuments were delivered to the keeping of the Gettysburg Memorial association. Gen. Joseph J. Reynolds presided.

The presentation addresses were made as follows: Third cavalry, Comrade George W. Schahr; Nineteenth infantry, Comrade A. H. Stone; Twentieth infantry, J. C. Brown; Twenty-seventh infantry, John M. Bloss; Seventh infantry, S. C. Holmes; Fourteenth infantry, Capt. David F. Beeme. Vice Pres. D. A. Buchler, of the Memorial association, responded.

Addresses were also made by General Silas Colgrove, W. R. Dudley, and John M. Foster, M. D. Mason, lieutenant governor of Indiana, and Hon. J. J. Kleiner.

A Peculiar Case.

A lengthy argument was heard by Judge O'Gorman, of the New York Superior court, upon the question as to whether or not Augustine R. Macdonald, a subject of Great Britain, who has been nearly seven years in Ludlow street jail, should be released and allowed to defend the suit upon which he was incarcerated. Mr. Macdonall is 56 years old, and is a son of Capt. John Macdonald, who, with 300 followers, left Scotland in 1772 to escape religious persecution. Mr. Macdonald became a bankrupt in 1880, though he had a claim against the government for $200,000 worth of cotton destroyed during the war. He failed for $230,000, and when his assets were sold he purchased them for $20 through another party. The claim cotamissioners awarded him $207,000 for his cotton. He is incarcerated upon a claim made by the attorneys who secured him the money from the government. Decision was reserved.

Sale of Bennett's Yacht and Roach's Shipyard.

By order of James Gordon Bennett the iron steam yacht Polynia was sold Tuesday at public auction. The vessel was built in 1880 by Ward, Stanton & Co. at Newburg, and is said to have cost nearly $60,000. Members of the New York and other yacht clubs were in attendance at the sale. The yacht was knocked down to Wm. Hadwin Starbuck for $10,000.

The shipyard of John Roach, containing 24 full city lots and the buildings thereon, together with four houses on upper Fifth avenue, were sold for the assignees of John Roach & Son for $310,000. The prices realized were fully up to the market standard.

A Suit Against Mr. Beecher.

Rev. Mr. Beecher has been sued by a lecture committee for breach of coutract. Some time ago he was announced to speak at Suffield, Conn. The hall was crowded, but the lecturer did not put in an appearance. The audience dispersed and the money taken for tickets refunded. Subsequently Mr. Beecher wrote an apologetic letter, saying in view of the disappointment occasioned he would come to Suffield and deliver a lecture free of cost to the students. Another date was arranged, and tickets were sold, and the audience gathered as before; but Mr. Beecher did not fulfill his engagement. This second failure is the cause of the suit.

Mrs. Nellie Sartoris.

The widow of Gen. Grant has been greatly grieved and pained by the public discussion of the domestic affairs of her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Sartoris. The Philadelphia *Ledger* is authorized to say that all reports to the effect that Mrs. Sartoris has applied or contemplates applying for divorce, or separation from her husband, are entirely without foundation, and are great wrongs to her feelings.

HAYES AND TILDEN.

Capt. Lee's Statement—Grant Threatened to Hang Tilden if He Attempted to be Inaugurated.

Capt. Alfred E. Lee, who was private secretary to Gov. Hayes when he was nominated and inaugurated as President, and afterward appointed by Hayes as consul general at Frankfort-on-the-Main, is now in Columbus, O. His attention was called to the statement of George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, which has been extensively published, to the effect that Gen. Grant told Childs that Tilden was elected and should have been inaugurated, instead of Mr. Hayes. Lee says:

"During the summer of 1877 I had numerous interviews with Gen. Grant, and among the things discussed was the Hayes-Tilden controversy, and Grant gave me to understand that he had reason to believe Mr. Tilden proposed to come down to Washington and be sworn in as President. Speaking of this, Grant said in his quiet way, but with an expression of seriousness on his face which indicated that he meant every word he said: 'If Mr. Tilden had undertaken to do that I would have hanged him.'"

Capt. Lee says Gen. Grant told him this on more than one occasion, and at one time told him that he would like to have Mr. Hayes know it. During the controversy, and all his subsequent acts and talk, and the fact that Pres. Grant had made thorough preparations to thwart any attempt to inaugurate Mr. Tilden illegally, he thinks conclusively discredits the childish story. Lee quotes Gen. E. F. Foyes, late minister to France, as being the possessor of similar information to that of his.

Sen. Beck on the Grant-Johnson-Depew Controversy.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* publishes a lengthy interview with Sen. Beck upon the Johnson-Grant-Depew matter. Mr. Beck was a representative in congress from Kentucky during the Johnson impeachment, and all of his recollections are contrary to the theories of Mr. Depew. In regard to the Johnson embroglio with Grant about the Stanton matter, Mr. Beck says: The President gave me a letter from Gen. Sherman, which, together with his charges and Gen. Grant's admissions, proved, as he and I thought, that Grant had agreed to turn the war department over to him, and not give it up to Stanton, and that Grant and Sherman, by their action on the 18th and 19th of January, virtually acknowledged the fact by insisting, for the good of the service, on the resignation of Stanton." The letter reads as follows:

"I neglected this morning to say that I had agreed to go down to Annapolis to spend Sunday with Admiral Porter. Gen. Grant has to leave for Richmond on Monday morning. At a conversation with the general, after the interview, wherein I offered to go with him on Monday to Mr. Stanton and say that it was our joint opinion that he should resign, it was found impossible, by reason of his going to Richmond and my going to Annapolis. The general will call on you to-morrow and after go to Stanton, and say for the good of the service he ought to resign. This on Sunday. On Monday I will call upon you, and if you think it necessary I will do the same, call on Mr. Stanton and tell him he should resign. If he will not then it will be time to consider ulterior measures. In the meantime, it also happens that no necessity exists for precipitating matters. Yours truly, W. T. SHERMAN."

Depew Corroborated.

James Boyle, of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, has unearthed some very interesting facts showing that Depew's information in the Grant-Johnson matter is not only correct but is old news to a number of people. Gen. Grant probably had no more intimate friend than Philip L. Swing, of Batavia, O., the general's old home, and to him the same story was told in September, 1871, at his home in that city. Gen. Grant related the circumstances in detail at that time, and possibly more elaborately than to Depew. Before his death Judge Swing placed the story in the hands of his family, both branches of which yet recollect it. In March, 1885, Judge James B. Swing, of Batavia, published the Grant-Johnson story in the *Clairmont County Courier* as told him by his father-in-law, Judge Philip. Judge Forster, of Batavia, Circuit judge, also recollects the circumstances. All of the Depew story is not only given in full, but is entirely corroborated by the published statement referred to.

VERDICT IN WARD'S CASE.

At 12:45 Wednesday the jury in the Ward case entered a verdict of larceny in the first degree. The penalty is ten years or less, at the discretion of the court.

Ward gave evidence of a severe struggle as he stood up to hear the verdict. In response to the question, "Have you anything to say?" he replied, "Nothing." Sentence was postponed until Saturday morning. The case will be taken to the court of appeals.

While the morning journals of New York are unanimous that the conviction of Ferdinand Ward is a result upon which the community can be most heartily congratulated, the *Times* makes the following additional point: "This result could not have been so speedily reached but for the admirable manner in which Judge Barrett conducted the trial. Only lawyers and persons accustomed to closely watch the trials of causes can be fully aware how exceptional such a trial is. Commonly, an American judge lets the lawyers have their way. The result is that our criminal trials are spun out into disgraceful prolixity, and the minds of the juries are completely muddled by speeches for the express purpose of muddling their minds. The judge regards himself as merely a referee to decide disputes among counsel. Judge Barrett's view of the functions of a judge is different. He has summarily suppressed every attempt to waste the public money and the time of the court and jury by prolonging the trial, and he has successfully resisted every attempt to befog the question at issue. His conduct is what we have a right to expect from all judges, but actually get from very few."

Judge Barrett Uses Plain English in Dealing with Wall Street Sharks.

Ferdinand Ward, smiling and pefectly self-possessed, came into the crowded court room Saturday to receive the sentence of the law for one of the heavy crimes which he had committed in the world of finance.

Ward arose and stood in front of the bar by the side of his counsel. His face was pale, but firm. He did not flinch as Judge Barrett pronounced the sentence, but stood unmoved while the court poured upon his head the words of condemnation. The court room was hushed, and an almost impressive silence fell upon the several hundred men who watched the prisoner with feverish eagerness.

"Ward, you have been convicted by an intelligent and conscientious jury of the crime of which you have been charged," began the judge, directing his gaze upon the prisoner who stood before him. "You have certainly had a fair and impartial trial. The jurors were most carefully selected, and came to the trial of your case with apparently unprejudiced minds. The court guarded all your rights and privileges from infringement, to the best of his ability. You were convicted because you had no defense. You offered no defense to the facts. It is only a matter for conjecture why so intelligent a jury should have taken so long a time to decide your case. If your case had been that of a person wholly unknown, the jury need not to have left their seats. On the contrary, your case has had the benefit of a more than careful consideration. You have been most ably defended by your counsel, and an address as brilliant and scholarly as any ever heard in this court room was made in your defense. You were not convicted on popular clamor. The jury probably delayed in its judgement because they were afraid that in some way they might be accused of being influenced by popular clamor which tended to make that conviction doubtful. I have nothing to say to you in the way of a homily, because I think it would be wholly useless. You have shown yourself to be wholly indifferent throughout this trial of the charges which have been brought against you. You seem to experience no remorse whatever over the ruin and sorrow which you have brought to hundreds of people in this country. You have done more to unsettle public confidence in moneyed institutions than any other man of this generation, and yet through this entire time you have shown yourself to be wholly unrepentant for the sins you have committed. This being the fact, I must simply content myself with pronouncing the sentence of the court, which is that you be confined in the state's prison at hard labor for the period of ten years."

Ward at Sing Sing.

Ward has been assigned to work on the second floor of the stove-mounting shop, his task being to fit the rough castings before they are finished. The work is easy and comparatively clean. He will begin his labor at 7:30 in the morning and end it at 4 in the afternoon. The state will receive 56 cents a day for his services.

The Telegraphers.

In the transmission of 300 words by the telegraphers of Central New York, at Syracuse, the following was the result: Charles Young, Syracuse, 7 minutes and 34 seconds; A. G. Kenyon, Utica, 7 minutes and 14 seconds; John Mallett, Syracuse, 7 minutes and 50 seconds. Kenyon made the best time, but was given second place by inferior sending.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

The Boston-Baltimore Sensation—Two Widely Different Stories.

A Boston special says: The sensation over Mrs. Coolidge and her murder scheme continues very great. The accused remains in jail in default of $5,000 bail. John B. Hebron, her lawyer, said to-day, after a visit to his client:

"I think it may be truly said she is insane; not violently so, but still she germ of reason has been killed. When I walked up to her cell she was lying down in the further corner of the apartment. A thin sheet covered the mattress, and under her head was a blanket. She was singing a low, plaintive song, and as I approached started up in a frightened manner. 'What do you want?' were her first words. 'Oh, don't come near me to try to learn more. They have wronged me—cruelly wronged me. I have done nothing. The officers took me from the telegraph office and said they only wanted me to go with them. I was to be a witness in a certain case they had, and they only wanted me to sign some papers to recognize, to give evidence.' In fact," said Mr. Hebron, "it appears, from the remainder of the story, that without assigning any reasons therefor, the authorities had her write a letter by dictation and sign her name, and then sign certain articles which they had prepared, and she, woman-like, innocent of being the victim of a conspiracy, let them use her on the pretense that if she did not sign they would send her to prison."

The opinion is advanced here that Mrs. Coolidge and Jack Donahue were intent on blackmailing the Mellens, of Baltimore.

The Boston *Herald* of Wednesday says: To-day's developments seem to throw a new light on the alleged murder conspiracy between Boston and Baltimore parties. The new phase of the matter, which seems to be corroborated by the facts, is that the whole thing was a gigantic scheme to blackmail a sorrow-stricken family. In a nutshell, the story as it now stands, so it is said, is that Mrs. Coolidge, knowing of the skeleton in the closet of the Mellen family, conspired with James Donatus, alias John Bull, to get money out of Mr. Mellen. Then it is related that Boss Cobb got wind of the affair, and to curry favor with the police, informed them of the plot. But John Bull suspected Cobb, and, to save himself, went to police headquarters and told the whole story of the conspiracy. Then came the meeting between John Bull and Mrs Coolidge, at which inspectors were present in citizens' and uniforms, during which Mrs. Coolidge talked freely, supposing "John Bull" was still acting squarely with her. The statement that $1,000 had been received by Donahue from Mr. Mellen is pronounced untrue, although it is said the detectives have actual proof of this payment.

The Boston-Baltimore Conspiracy.

The woman who has been under arrest at Boston since Saturday in connection with the Baltimore conspiracy is Mrs. Emma Coolidge, wife of Officer James E. Coolidge, of the Boston police. Her identity was concealed so carefully that even her husband was not aware of her arrest until she was arraigned in the municipal court. The charge against her is "soliciting and to commit murder." She pleaded not guilty and was held in $5,000 bonds for appearance for examination on December 11. Mrs. Coolidge looked very dejected, and her eyes were red with weeping. She is a large woman and is fair looking. It appears that she visited three times, Boss Cobb's place, on Norman street, where the plot was arranged. Her husband had a short interview with her, but she had little to say. She said she did not intend to allow the murder to be committed, but wanted to get hold of the money ($1,000) and keep it. She also claims she was dragged into it, but does not say how.

OKLAHOMA BOOMERS.

Capt. Couch, His Staff and Followers Moving—Also Gen. Miles.

The Wichita (Kan.) *Eagle* is in possession of reliable information to the effect that the "boomers" have again made a move on Oklahoma. For several days past numbers have been going with teams and provisions. Such as had reached the Oklahoma district up to date of the latest advices found a number of cattlemen with their herds in peaceful possession, and all seemed harmonious as between the herders and the "boomers," with no prospect of trouble. From 50 to 60 wagon loads of "boomers" were daily arriving upon the grounds.

Gen. Miles, commanding the department of the Missouri, with headquarters at Fort Leavenworth, has received information that 4,000 armed and equipped men are on their way to Oklahoma territory under the leadership of Capt. Couch, and announce their determination to stay and fight if necessary for possession of the land.

Capt. Couch has organized a staff, and the main body of the Boomers are marching with military precision and determination. They expect to occupy the lands and hold them until Congress declares them open for settlement. Some of the invaders have already reached Oklahoma and staked out claims and put up signs, "No trespassing allowed on this farm." Gen. Miles has ordered Maj. Sumner to proceed to Oklahoma and eject those there, and head off and put out any on the way. Maj. Sumner can untalize, if necessary, 1,200 regular troops at Forts Reno and Sill.

His Name Is Sherman.

Ex Gov. Foster has written a private letter to a friend in Columbus, in which he says: "The election is over, and we have won a substantial victory in all particulars save one. We may yet have the Senate, but we will elect the United States senator, and his name is Sherman. I fully recognize that Republican sentiment in the state is for Sherman, and outside of the state is nearly unanimously so, to which I cheerfully yield. Every Republican member of the General Assembly will attend the caucus and will obey its mandates. If any man covets an infamy below that of the bargain and sale of two years ago, he has but to attempt to secure the Senatorship by any other than the means of square work within the Republican caucus."

A Millionaire's Will.

The late Col. Thomas M. Pierce, president of the Texas, Houston & San Antonia railroad, who left several million dollars' worth of property, among other public bequests made the following in his will: To establish a charitable hospital on the line of the Sunset Route railroad in Texas, such a sum as his trustees may deem necessary, providing it does not exceed $20,000; to the following named towns lying along the line of the Sunset Route railroad as a permanent fund, the income to be applied to public education: Schulenberg, Marion, Flatonia, Luling, Wilmar, Waelder and Columbus $2,000 each, and to Harwood and Ellinger $1,000 each.

Special Delivery System.

Postmaster General Vilas, en-route from Wisconsin to Washington, stopped long enough in Chicago to pay his respects to Postmaster Judd. Gen. Vilas declined to be interviewed, but being urged to give an opinion concerning the probable fate of the special delivery service, he said: "So far as the special delivery service has been tested, the results are gratifying, and the indications are that it will become popular; but it is still an experiment, and a trial of one month is not sufficient to warrant a prediction of its ultimate success or failure. It is the intention of the department to make it a success, if possible, and to spare no effort that is authorized by the law in that direction."

The Poor of Montreal.

It is estimated by the authorities of Montreal that the daily expenses of the city are about $3,000, and that at least $3,000,000 will be needed during the coming winter, owing to the ravages of small pox. Business seems to be prostrated, and such of the poor as are not ill appear to be preparing to move south and establish new homes in New England. So many have already arrived in New Hampshire, as to give the authorities of that state much concern, and the state board of health was in conference with the Boston board in regard to the matter.

The Baltimore Election.

James Hodges was elected mayor of Baltimore on the regular Democratic ticket, defeating Judge George Brown, the Fusionist nominee, by a majority of about 2,000. The new city council stands 13 Regulars and 7 Fusionists in the first branch, and 7 Regulars in the second branch. The vote was one of the heaviest ever cast, footing up over 60,000. The election passed off very quietly considering the bitterness developed during the campaign.

Pork Packing.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* states that the number of hogs packed in the West last week is 265,000, against 175,000 for the corresponding time last year. The total to date from March 1, is 4,640,000, against 3,975,000 a year ago, as follows: Chicago, 2,410,000; Kansas City, 773,000; Milwaukee, 217,000; Indianapolis, 184,000; Cedar Rapids, 183,000; St. Louis, 180,000; Cleveland, 138,—Cincinnati, 128,000.

Business Failures.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 174, and for Canada 27, as compared with 174 last week and 165 the week previous.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

Mrs. Grant Gives Her Reasons Why It Was Selected as the General's Burial Place.

A New York dispatch of Thursday says: During several weeks past there has been much speculation in the mind of New Yorkers as to whether Gen. Grant's body would remain here or be removed from the state. These doubts grew out of a recent published statement attributed to Hon. J. B. Chaffee to the effect that the family of Gen. Grant did not wish the general's body to remain in this city, and that Congress, at its next session, would take action in the matter. In order to make sure about the matter the Grant Monument association decided to take action, and on the 16th inst., Mayor Grace, its vice-president, wrote a letter to Mrs. Grant, stating the rumors at some length, and saying that they were likely to interfere seriously with the raising of funds for the monument, and asking her to make a definite and positive statement upon the subject to be given to the public. Her reply is appended:

NEW YORK, Oct. 29, 1885.

DEAR SIR—Your letter of the 16th came during my absence and was received on my return from Long Branch. Riverside was selected by myself and my family as the burial place of my husband, Gen. Grant; first, because I believe New York was his preference; second, it is near the residence that I hope to occupy as long as I live, and where I will be able to visit his resting place often; third, I have believed and am now convinced that the tomb will be visited by as many of his countrymen here as it would be at any other place; and fourth, the offer, a park in New York, was the

Congress and, when the members and Senators would all be here. Meanwhile the order creates consternation in the ranks of the office seekers. Representative Walter R. Cox, of North Carolina, said: "If the President thinks an edict will keep the office-seekers away, he is very innocent; they won't mind the edict. He will have the question of the offices before him all during his term. He can't avoid it; they will lay for him. They won't let him draw out of it."

The same opinion is expressed by others, though they did not care to have their names known until after they have been to the White House. A class of people much disturbed, also, by the order, is the hotel-keepers. It strikes them in a tender spot—right in their pocketbook. Probably nothing in the shape of an executive order issued in months has raised such a rumpus as this last.

Getting Up New Questions.

Assistant Secretary Fairchild has discovered that the same set of questions have been asked on examination for promotion in the treasury department for the past ten years, and the clerks have become so familiar with them that they pass with very high percentages. One lady got as high as 98, having already corrected the same question for others. Mr. Graham, Mr. Fairchild's private secretary, is now occupied in getting up some new questions.

Pilot-In-the-Day.

Hole-in-the-Day, a great grandson of the famous Chippewa chief of that name, is in Washington with Minnesota influence, to secure from the President an appointment to West Point when a vacancy occurs. He is young, tall and straight, and of very prepossessing personal appearance, with but little to suggest Indian blood in his veins. He dresses well, and is said to be very highly educated for his years. He was at the war department and made a very favorable impression on the officers he met.

Admiral DeKraft Dead.

Rear Admiral J. C. P. DeKraft died in Washington Thursday. He was a midshipman in 1841.

Schemes of the Flibusters.

A naval officer of high rank, who has had abundant opportunity to study the schemes of filibustering expeditions to Cuba, says it is a remarkable fact that these things never occur in the summer, when the North Atlantic squadron can't get down there to stop them. "When the squadron is to start on a cruise from the north," he says, "some of the interested parties down there subscribe two or three hundred dollars and hire some ragged fellows to drill after dark. Then the word goes around that a formidable expedition is fitting out for Cuba. Away goes the squadron, and before it gets back the merchants at Key West will have received a hundred thousand dollars of money spent by the officers for stores, etc. There is nothing in it, there never is; they never attempt to capture Cuba when the vessels are laid up in the hands of the mechanics, or when the weather is so hot that Christians can't live there."

King of Siam Dead.

Vice Consul McDonald, at Bangkok, reports to the secretary of state the death, by Bright's disease, on the 28th of August, of Khroen Fara Rajwang Pawar Sathan Mongold, second King of Siam. He is described as a man above the average of intelligence, well informed on the general topics of the day and beloved by the common people.

The Scheme Did 't Work.

The Postoffice department reports that the postmaster at Chico, Cal., was found short in his accounts, was suspended by an inspector, and that a man named Bowers, who had been acting as his assistant, sent on petitions, upon which he secured the appointment. The department was informed Thursday that in the most important petition the names had been signed by Bowers' brother's appointment to the Marysville land office in South California, the heading torn off and the names attached to a different heading asking for Bowers to be appointed postmaster at Chico. The president suspended Bowers and appointed J. D. Sprout, who is the choice of the citizens in that place.

Financial Policy of the Administration.

It is understood that the administration will take very positive ground upon the financial question. Mr. Jordan and Mr. Manning will be recommend in their reports the suspension of the silver coinage. The President will endorse their views. Mr. Jordan will be able to show in his report that $45,000,000 have already been lost in the attempt to force silver into circulation. It is understood that the policy of the Treasury department will be against any further sealing up of bonds. It is looking to good financiering to reduce the national debt, which bears interest of only three per cent, when the current rate is six.

Annual Reports.

In his first annual report to the Secretary of the Interior, upon the operations of the Labor Bureau since its establishment, Commissioner Carrol D. Wright begins with a statement of the organization of the bureau and a reviewal of the line of policy outlined for the conduct of its investigation. The special features of that policy were a refusal to recognize parties. The bureau, he said, should be disconnected with politics and from dependence on organizations, whether of workingmen or of employers, and from the support of economic theorists, individuals or class interests. The investigations outlined related to the questions of industrial depression, involving a study of their character, their causes, and whether as to duration, severity and periodicity, they are all alike in great prolucing countries. Between March 17 and June 27, twenty special agents were appointed, and at the close of the fiscal year, fifteen of these agents were actively employed in the United States and five in Europe collecting the information required. The appropriation for conducting the business of the bureau for the year which ended June 30, 1883, were ample for its expenses, and nearly $9,000 were reverted into the treasury.

The annual report of Gen. Drum, adjutant general of the army, to the lieutenant governor, is furnished for publication. It affords the adjutant general much pleasure to state that the number of desertions from the army during the past year has sensibly decreased, being 745 less than the number stated in his last report. The general proceeds to enumerate the principal causes of desertion, and the remedies therefor.

Dr. Kimball, director of the mint, has reduced the estimate of appropriation for the mint service for the next fiscal year over $210,000, as compared with the estimates for the present year, and over $75,000, as compared to the actual expenditures of the last year.

Evasions of the Law.

The second comptroller of the treasury, in considering the accounts of Pay Director Gilman, U. S. N., has decided that the payment of $1,744 to Austin F. Brown on May 27, 1884, for eighty barrels of pork delivered to the bureau of provision and clothing of the Navy department, under a contract, is illegal, and he adds that Mr. Gilman is responsible for this sum. He holds that the additional sum of $4,011, being the 20 per cent reservation subsequently paid on the contract, was also illegal, but that as the chief of the bureau directed this payment, the amount must be charged against him. In the opinion of the second comptroller the circumstances attending these transactions are susceptible of no other interpretations than that they were intended as a device to evade the provision of law requiring the contract to be let to the lowest bidder.

Coon's Successor.

Hon. William E. Smith, of New York, has been appointed assistant secretary of the treasury, in place of Charles E. Coon, resigned, to take effect November 10. Mr. Smith is a lawyer, about 40 years of age, and resides at Plattsburg, with an office in New York city, where he is one of the attorneys for the Delaware & Hudson canal company. He has been a leader of what is known as the Young Democracy, and has been identified with the Tilden element. In 1884 he was the leader of his party in the New York assembly, and was one of the most influential champions of Gov. Cleveland's reform measures. He was a prominent figure in the delegation of Young Democrats which went to the Chicago convention to urge the nomination of Cleveland, and on his return was selected to manage the canvass in New York state.

Telephone Suits.

A large number of patent attorneys and other persons interested in the telephone cases were in attendance at the Interior department to-day to hear the beginning of the arguments on the application of the Pan-Electric, the Globe and Washington Telephone companies to have the United States begin suit to cancel the Bill patent. Mr. Montgomery, the assistant attorney general, had declined to take any part in the proceedings, owing to his personal relations one of the parties in interest, so the hearing was conducted by Sec. Lamar, Com. of Patents Montgomery, and Asst. Sec. Jenks.

Mr. Alex Graham Bell sat beside his counsel, Mr. Storrow, of Boston. The Pan Electric company was represented by Casey Young, R. A. Morgan, of Memphis, and others. Gen. Bradley Johnson represented the Washington Telephone company, and Messrs. Humphrey and Sheppard represented the Globe company. Quite a discussion took place as to the scope of the investigation, and the legal points that must be discussed. Sec. Lamar finally said that he had no power over the patent office, and the question at issue, in his opinion, was simply whether he should advise the attorney general to bring suit, or to cancel the Bell patent, or set it aside. That was a matter he should like to hear argued. The attorneys were present as friends of the department to assist it in reaching a conclusion. Without reference to litigation in other courts, he regarded it as advisable and in the public interest to postpone the hearing of arguments until Monday, November 9.

Debt Statement.

Following is a recapitulation of the debt statement issued November 2:

Interest bearing debt—	
Bonds at 6% per cent	$ 250,000,000 00
Bonds at 4 per cent	737,140,350 00
Bonds at 3 per cent	194,190,500 00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	223,800 00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000 00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512 00
Principal	1,260,778,162 00
Interest	2,595,948 10
Total	$1,270,374,110 10
Debt on which interest has ceased since maturity—	
Principal	873,430,526 00
Interest	21,938,450 00
Total	$295,368,976 00
Debt bearing no interest—	
Old demand and legal tender notes	$46,738,841 00
Certificates of deposit	18,145,000 00
Gold certificates	109,020,760 00
Silver certificates	93,146,773 00
Fractional currency, less $3,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,961,162 88
Principal	574,012,537 88
Total debt, principal	$1,838,525,603 14
Interest	9,815,332 60
Total	$1,848,340,935 74
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	233,864,475 27
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000 00
Total	$333,864,475 27
Total debt, less available cash items	$1,514,475,860 47
Net cash in the treasury	66,818,292 38
Debt less cash in the treasury November 1, 1885	1,447,657,568 09
Debt less cash in the treasury October 1, 1885	1,460,934,342 27
Decrease of debt during the month as shown by this statement	13,276,774 18
Cash in the treasury available for reduction of the debt—	
Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	93,146,773 00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposits actually outstanding	18,145,000 00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	13,549,687 86
Fractional currency	2,305 41
Total available for reduction of the debt	$333,864,475 27
Reserve fund held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	100,000,000 00
Unavailable for reduction of the debt—	
Fractional silver coin	22,965,535 70
Minor coin	719,831 24
Total	$ 2,338,526,694 00
Certificates held as cash	64,423,564 00
Net cash balance on hand	66,818,292 38
Total cash in the treasury as shown by treasurer's general account	$467,900,498 58
Net increase in cash	3,814,341 54

Dakota.

Col. Gilbert A. Price, governor of Dakota, has made his annual report to the secretary of the interior, showing the material progress of that territory during the past year. A large portion of the report is devoted to quotation and comparison of facts exhibited by the returns of the territorial census taken last summer. The population of the territory now is 416,000, as against 135,180 when the federal census was taken in 1880.

Notes.

The death of Rear Admiral J. C. P. De Krafft, promotes Commodore John Lee Davis, now commanding the Asiatic fleet, to rear admiral.

The *Star* says: "It is probable that in the reorganization of the civil service commission the chief place will be given to Judge Maynard, the present second comptroller of the treasury.

The commissioner of patents decides that it is the duty of the examiner to make examination in cases where applications for a patent is made, even though he may have reason to believe it to contain the elements of a mechanical contrivance, because the determination of that very fact is one of the duties of the examiner.

First Comptroller Durham, of the treasury department, in the case of an employe of the mint at Helena, Mont., has decided that a person engaged in the government service and receiving a disputed salary, is not entitled to payment from the government for extra services rendered outside of his regular duties.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

EDITOR STEAD'S TRIAL.

The testimony for the prosecution being all in, the attorney general announced that his side of the case was closed. Mr. Charles Russell, counsel for the defense, then addressed the court in behalf of the prisoners. He dwelt on the sublime motives of Mrs. Jarrett when she took the girl from her mother for Mr. Stead, and claimed that the absence of the consent of the father did not make the act a crime, if the mother's consent had been obtained without misrepresentation or fraud.

Mr. Stead then addressed the jury in behalf of himself and the other defendants. His argument was on the basis that the end justified the means. The court adjourned.

Justice Lopes, replying to a question from the jury as to when the case would end, said they might as well ask the date of the day of judgment.

Mr. Charles Russell, counsel for the defense, intimated that the defense would close their side of the case on Wednesday next. Mrs. Rebecca Jarrett, one of the prisoners, then continued her testimony.

Mrs. Jarrett, being pressed by Justice Lopes to answer certain questions during the cross-examination, swore that Mrs. Armstrong allowed her daughter to go with her for immoral purposes, without having any idea as to what amount of money she would get. She denied having conducted herself immorally with the husband of Mrs. Ann Broughton, but admitted having sent him an immoral message. Justice Lopes here cautioned Mrs. Jarrett against not answering honestly. Mrs. Jarrett admitted that her letters contained falsehoods, and said Mr. Stead gave her £10 to procure Eliza. She believed that the "Lily" in the *Pall Mall Gazette's* story was Eliza Armstrong. Mrs. Jarrett is breaking down under the cross-examination.

Mrs. Jarrett was again put in the witness-box, but she persistently declined to make any further revelation respecting the case. Mrs. Josephine Butler and Prof. Stuart testified for the defendants. Mr. Stead then took the witness stand. He testified that Mrs. Butler told him that he might implicitly trust Mrs. Jarrett, and he had no reason to suspect her of abduction or obtaining money from him by false pretenses. His testimony was in substance the same as that given in his statement at the magisterial examination.

Mr. Stead continued his testimony. He declined to give the names of the persons alleged to be guilty of the infamy charged in the *Gazette's* statement, on the ground that he had promised his informants to observe secrecy in that respect. He stated that he had gained his information by drinking champagne and spending money in brothels. Mr. Stead then offered to call the "Lily" as a witness, but Justice Lopes declined the offer. His Honor likewise declined the evidence of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The justice directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

THE QUEEN WILL STOP THE WAR.

Advices from Mandalay, capital of Burmah, state that the queen of Burmah, who exercises great influence over her husband, is *enciente*, and her majesty declares that fighting and the smell of gunpowder will be injurious to her health. She advises King Thebaw to temporarily submit to the demands of the British government, and fight after her confinement, as it is very important that there shall be an heir to the Burmese throne. England has now no suitable candidate for the successor, both of the present claimants being unacceptable, owing to their profligate habits. It is believed, therefore, that the government of Burmah will answer the ultimatum of the Indian government in an evasive manner, in order to secure time for the accouchment of her majesty.

JUDGMENT AGAINST MRS. LANGTRY.

The case of Mrs. Langtry for refusing to pay household debts contracted while living with her husband came up to-day before the Brompton county court. Mrs. Langtry did not appear. The plaintiff showed that Mrs. Langtry had, previous to contracting the debts, a check of Capt. Sir Allen Young, the arctic explorer, for a large sum; that when plaintiff called on her for the amount of her indebtedness the defendant told the plaintiff that she was unable just at present to pay the bill, but would endeavor to do so at a later date. Judgment was given for the plaintiff.

FAST TIME MADE BY THE GENESTA.

It is believed that the time of the Genesta's trip across the Atlantic—20 days and ten hours—beats the best yacht record. The wind during the voyage was northeast to west, with occasional strong, heavy seas, which greatly retarded her progress. Twice the Genesta was hove to, and the whole trip was made under reefed trysails. The only mishaps were the breaking of the mainsail antide and a slight disarrangement of the steering gear. The best runs were as follows: On the 7th inst., 283 miles; 12th, 240 miles; and 14th, 300 miles. The crew of the Genesta speak of their treatment in America with enthusiasm.

THE BURMAH EXPEDITION.

Maj.-Gen. Dalrymple Pendergrast, commander of the Burmah expeditionary force, will take an advanced position on the 9th inst. All communications with upper Burmah have ceased. Gen. Pendergast is a well known officer of the Madras infantry, and gained the Victoria cross for gallantry in the Indian mutiny.

The expeditionary force numbers 10,000 men, and is composed of one brigade of Bengal infantry, two of Madras infantry, two mountain batteries, the first batalion of Royal Welch fusileers, second battalion of the Liverpool regiment, and the second and eleventh regiment of Bengal native infantry. The advance will be made up the Irrawaddy river.

THE GREAT EASTERN SOLD.

The Great Eastern, the largest steamship in the world, was sold at public auction in London for £26,200.

THE IRISH CAUSE.

Mr. Parnell's control of the Irish nominations is shown to be absolute. In no instance of the eighteen county conventions thus far held has the opposition been worth the trouble of suppressing it. The eighteenth of the present month has thus far been renominated. There are 25 others. Of the Ulster counties, Fermanagh is the only new ground thus far attacked. This has been done by a strong list, including O'Brien and Mr. Dillon. Contests will be made in all the Ulster districts. It is likely that Mr. Parnell, Mr. Healy and Mr. McCarthy will run in the least hopeful districts, like those in Antrim. A considerable number of the new National candidates are Protestants. Mr. Parnell's chances are favored by the fierce rivalries of both the Tories and Liberals in the North and by the terrible decline in the prices of farm produce, coupled with the almost universal refusal of landlords to reduce their rents. The Earl of Kenmare, for example, on whose vast estates the most frightful misery prevails, has just declined to abate a penny. This, with a hard winter coming on, is practically an edict of starvation or eviction to thousands, and the effect of such measures is to drive many moderate Irishmen into the Nationalist ranks.

In England the Irish cause is beginning to attract a great deal of respectful attention from persons who not long ago utterly ignored it as unworthy of consideration. Prominent Irishmen in London have combined to establish in the metropolis an Irish club on a basis of equally sound and respectable with that enjoyed by the best of the other great political clubs. This enterprise has already made considerable advance. Suitable premises near the parliament buildings and business centers have already been secured, but a great number of solid subscribers must yet be obtained before the Irish club can be assured of permanent success.

France.

Considerable excitement was created in Paris to-day by an attempt to assassinate M. DeFreycinet, French minister of Foreign Affairs. After attending the cabinet meeting, M. DeFreycinet took a drive, and while returning to the building occupied by the ministry of foreign affairs, a man stepped out into the roadway and fired a pistol directly at the carriage in which was seated M. De Freycinet. Fortunately the shot was harmless, and before the culprit could fire again, he was arrested by the police officer. When the would be assasin was examined at the police station, he confessed that he did not know M. De Freycinet personally, and refused to give his name or occupation. The prisoner looks like a mechanic of superior intelligence, and appears to be of Italian origin.

The assailant is a Corsican. He declares that his motive was revenge, and was not of a political nature. He says that he will make an explanation of his attempt to take the life of M. De Freycinet. He claims the services of a lawyer. A doctor will examine as to his mental condition.

A From Paris it is telegraphed that M. De Lesseps has applied to the French Government for permission to issue new Panama Canal bonds to the extent of $120,000,000 to defray what he describes as needed expenses in excess of the original estimates for the completion of the isthmus waterway. In his application M. De Lesseps states that if the French Chamber of Deputies grant his present request it will save $3,500,000 in interest yearly, as the grant will include permission to raise as much of the money as possible from the sale of tickets for lottery drawings.

The physicians who have been making an examination as to the mental condition of Mattee, the would-be assasin of M. de Freycinet, minister of foreign affairs, have made a report declaring the prisoner to be insane.

Mariott, the would-be assasin of M. de Freycinet, declares that he fired aside at the minister, that he did not intend to injure him, and only wished to draw public attention to his grievance. Marioti's story that his daughter was outraged by workman on the Panama canal, and that the miscreants escaped punishment, is confirmed by the Panama canal company. It is believed M. de Freycinet will apply for Mariott's release.

Germany.

The Berlin *Post's* correspondent at Rome states on the best of authority that the Pope has decided recently in favor of Spain in the Carolines question.

Spain.

The Spanish government is strengthening the Ceuta peninsula in Morocco. Ceuta is opposite Gibraltar, and only 17 miles distant. It has many points of resemblance to that fortification, is well supplied with water, and if properly garrisoned would be all but impregnable. Additional heavy armaments have also been ordered for the ports of the Philippine islands.

A dispatch from Madrid confirms the recent statement that the American government has intimated to Spain that if the latter's sovereignty of the Caroline Islands is recognized, the American Protestant mission must be respected, and freedom of religion permitted.

China.

Gen. DeCourcy, the French commander in Annam, wires as follows: "Gen. Nefrier has again defeated the Black Flags between the Bamboo canal and the Rapids canal, and has driven them toward the northwest, with heavy losses. The French loss was small."

Burmah.

The rumor that a revolution had broken out at Mandalay, and that King Thebaw had been murdered, is not true.

Egypt.

A correspondent at Assouan telegraphs that a large rebel army left Ombarman for Abbaha. A number of natives who escaped from the rebel prisons have arrived at Assouan. They say they are certain that an attack on lower Egypt is intended, as the rebel cry which was formerly "On to Khartoum," is now "On to Cairo."

An eye-witness informed Sister Cipriani that the rebels massacred the Mudir and garrison of Senaar, after the latter had surrendered. A native will remembered that Sister Cipriani reported to the authorities at Cairo that the garrison of Seunar had been surprised while on a foraging expedition and their retreat cut off, and they were compelled to surrender to the rebels.

Mexico.

At Bustamenta, state of Nueno Leon, Mexico, trouble has been brewing for several days past over the coming election. Saturday the opposing factions met, and after several hours' indiscriminate shooting, the result showed six killed and fifteen wounded is expected that a pitched battle will be fought. The state officials have been appealed to for assistance, but have not yet responded.

The Eastern Question.

Thirty Greek refugees who escaped from Bulgaria in an open boat, have been arrested at the entrance to the Bosphotus. They said that they had fled from Bulgarian cruelty and to avoid compulsory enrollment in the Bulgarian army.

The Turkish war office presents a scene of unusual activity, clearly indicating that the porte is determined on securing effective measures in the event of the conference of the powers failing to agree on a plan for the settlement of the Roumelian question. An official report shows that 180,000 Turkish troops are now mustered at available points on the frontier for active service in the Balkan peninsula, and reinforcements are continually arriving. The Mustah-fiz, or Landsturm, and the Bashi-Basouks have been summoned for military duty. The levy of the Landsturm is only resorted to as a measure of war, and will add over 130,000 men to the service. Circassia has tendered 25,000 cavalry, and Albania has promised to assist the porte. In view of this, the Turkish troops in Albania have been withdrawn and massed on the Greek, Bulgarian and Servian frontiers.

The Servian government has replied to the collective note of the powers, and refuses to disarm the Servian troops until an equilibrium in the Balkans has been restored. The government is angry because the Balkan conference is to be held at Constantinople, instead of at Vienna or Pesth. The Balkan conference will meet formally on Thursday, and will then adjourn until Saturday.

Dispatches from St. Petersburg state that Russian military officials allege that Austria and Servia are intriguing for territorial aggrandizement, detrimental to Russian interests in the Balkan peninsula. Their information must have been received from what they consider a reliable source, as Russia has been for the past few days secretly arming with a view of being prepared at any moment should the contingency arise to assert her claims in the Balkan states.

M. Trecoupis, ex-prime minister, arrived in Athens Friday. He was received with an ovation by thousands of citizens who clamored for a war speech. He replied in a moderate, circumspect speech. The government continues sending troops to the frontier.

The opinion prevails in Bulgaria that the Balkan conference will prove a failure. The country longs for peace; but it has enough money to maintain an army during the winter without contracting loans. One-third of the population of Servia is composed of Bulgarians, and the best soldiers in King Milan's army are Bulgarians.

The Roumanian government has expelled a dozen eminent Jewish editors. This action is supposed to have been prompted by attacks made by them upon the government.

It is officially announced that the Bulgarian forces have blockaded the frontier, and that the officers have issued orders to the men to shoot anyone they find crossing from Servia into Bulgaria. The Servian troops have been ordered to reply in force in such an event, without awaiting special orders from the commanding general, or in other words, they have received *carte blanche* in the premises. It is said that bands of Bulgarians have commenced harassing Servian frontier towns.

Canada.

The steamship Canadian, which has just returned from her season's cruise in the gulf, reports considerable distress on the Labrador coast, owing to the failures of the fisheries. At Esquimaux point, out of a population of 150 families, only twenty have supplies for the winter; 80 more hope to get enough from the merchants who usually make advances to them to pull them through; the remaining 100 families have nothing whatever with which to face the winter, and it will be necessary to either bring them off the coast, or send supplies to them.

THE MONTREAL PEST-HOUSE.

The statement of Mrs. D. R. Boland, daughter-in-law of a leading Methodist clergyman, and who has just been discharged from St. Roche's small-pox hospital, is published, and discloses a revolting state of affairs in that institution. The doctors gave her no professional attention, and very little nursing is done except by convalescent patients. Cries of patients for water are often heartrending, and only met by the response to "shut up." The stench is revolting, and there is no deodorizing. No attention is ever given to those who are sent to the blackpox ward. The cries that come from that place are awful. She mentions a case in which a doctor, when entreated, would give no relief to a patient, and she died unattended. The place is said to be infested with vermin. A committee of doctors have inspected the hospital, which will probably be burned and all patients removed to the new Mount Royal hospital.

There are at present 1,087 houses on the book of the isolation committee to be attended to. The heads of the isolation department say there is urgent need for hospital accommodations for 1,500 patients at once. The chairman of the civic finance committee says that before spring the city will be more than $500,000 in debt on account of the smallpox epidemic. It is said that one street in St. Cunegonde there is a case of smallpox for every house on the street.

Returns for the month of October show that there were 1,630 deaths in the city and its suburbs. Of this number only 31 were Protestants.

THE HALF-BREEDS.

The half-breed prisoners confined in the jail at Regina and the penitentiary at Stony Mountain have forwarded a long petition to the Dominion government, begging for mercy. They recall how their lands were given to speculators, their prayers disregarded, and how they were told that their petitions would be answered with bullets. Their story is one of systematic oppression. The petition is signed by Louis Riel and 24 others.

RIEL'S CASE.

The Queen has replied to the memorial of the Peace society, praying for a commutation of the death sentence recently passed by the Canadian courts on Louis Riel. Her majesty replied that she is unable to interfere in the case, without first consulting her responsible advisers. Col. P. A. Stanley, the Colonial secretary, states that the queen has delegated the pardoning power to the Marquis of Lansdowne, governor general of Canada, who is at present inquiring into the matter, and that it is impossible for the home government to interfere in Riel's behalf.

In reference to the dispatch from London giving the reply of the Queen to the memorial of the Peace society in the Riel case, the Toronto *Globe* says: "The governor general cannot exercise the pardoning power, except on the advice of his ministers. Formerly, governors general could pardon of their own motion and without the advice of their ministers. Lord Dufferin commuted the death sentence of Lepine, without the advice of Mr. Mackenzie, his first minister; shortly afterwards, as a result of argument between the Colonial Secretary and Mr. Blake, Canadian minister of justice at that time, the instructions to the governor general were changed, and now he cannot act without advice."

Notes.

The international troubles in Hayti have caused the British and French representatives in that country to telegraph their respective governments to send men of war there at once, to protect foreign residents.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has asked the Pope for advice in regard to her line of conduct in French politics. The Pope is much perplexed over the matter. Many Bonspartists would join the Royalists ou papal advice to do so.

Bloody fighting is reported at Baku, on the Caspian Sea, between Moslems and Russians. The military had to be called out to restore order. In the fighting several Russians were killed, and a large number wounded.

The body of a lion tamer named Stewart was found in a room at Romainville, outside of Paris. The man had died from apoplexy. Beside him was the body of a puppy, which it is supposed died of hunger and of grief at the loss of its keeper.

The German missionary conference has resolved to appeal to the people and the government to stop the sale of liquor to natives in German colonies. The conference discussed the subject of a mission in Cameroons, and decided that it should be of an international character.

The united committees of the federal council on the German army and navy met in Berlin to settle the budgets for 1886-87. A small increase was made in the army budget, owing to contemplated changes in details and in uniforms. The navy budget, however, was increased $5,000,000.

Two French men-of-war have been ordered to proceed at once to Guinea, to protect French interests in that country. The dispute growing out of the rival claims of France and Portugal to certain sections of Guinea has reached a crisis, and serious events are feared.

A colonization society is being formed in Berlin to direct emigration to South America, especially to Rio Grande De Sul Brazil. The capital is 1,000,000 marks. Special agents have prospected the country and made favorable reports. The public takes only a lukewarm interest in the scheme.

From Rome it is stated that some of the Genoa papers declare that, with a view of stimulating interest in the celebration of the fourth centenary of the discovery of America by Columbus, the Chevalier Baldi has published the secret he has kept for twenty years, viz: his possession of the identical chains with which Bobadelia loaded the wrists of Columbus when the latter was sent back a prisoner to Spain in the year 1500. The Chevalier says he secured these valuable relics after a long and expensive journey made in Spain and America for the purpose, and that he has kept the story of his discovery and possession of the secret for twenty years for private reasons which no longer are binding on him.

A Woman's Scheme to Get a Fortune.

The young wife of "Eph" Simmons, in January, 1883, secured a divorce in New York, from her husband, it is said with his consent, that she might thus marry a consumptive, James G. Henry, a young man worth $100,000. Two weeks after the decree was secured, Mrs. Simmons did marry Henry. On Sept. 28, 1883, he died, leaving all his estate to his wife and child. Evan J. Henry, father of the deceased husband, has instituted proceedings for the revocation of the will of his son, and a hearing was had Friday, which developed the above facts. The case is still on.

Sarah Curry, a girl residing at Dover, N. H., has fallen heir to $1,000,000 by the death of an uncle in Scotland.

A passion for roller-skating was the main cause for a divorce decree entered at Detroit, the parties being Fred. A. Caldwell and a niece of Mayor Grummond, who were married less than a year ago.

At the late election in Indianapolis Mr. Shields, the successful candidate for city clerk, was the nominee of the workingmen of the city. Three members of the city council and one alderman are members of the Knights of Labor.

GEN. McCLELLAN DEAD.

He died on Thursday, November 3, at Midnight, of Heart Disease.

Gen. George B. McClellan died shortly after midnight of neuralgia of the heart. He had been under a physician's care about two weeks. Nothing serious was expected until he was taken worse yesterday. He died surrounded by his family.

He arrived home about six weeks ago from a trip West with his family, and instructions had been issued for a reception Thursday evening.

He died at St. Cloud, Orange Mountain, New Jersey, where he had lived for nearly twenty years.

PARTICULARS OF HIS DEATH.

Though Gen. McClellan had nearly completed his 59th year, he had preserved not only buoyant spirits, but a buoyant, youthful agility. Therefore when he began, about three weeks ago, to have pains of the heart, neither he nor his medical man, Dr. Seward, of Orange, nor any of his family regarded the matter as serious. He and every one else believed that the troublesome malady was either gone for good or at least for a long time. In that belief the general ordered his carriage, drove to Orange, accompanied by his only daughter, saw several gentleman on business, and made an appointment with one of them for 11 o'clock Thursday. He returned home in excellent spirits, ate heartily at his usual hours, and retired to rest. About 11 o'clock the pains returned, and a messenger on horseback was dispatched down the hill for the doctor, who came back with the least possible delay. When he entered the bedroom of the general he found his patient in extreme agony. The paroxysm returned with a rhymbical frequency that was alarming, and the homeopathic remedies which the skill of the doctor suggested were no more efficient than those which had been supplied by the intelligent affection of Gen. McClellan's wife and daughter, who had ministered to him unceasingly from the first alarm. For four hours he suffered the most excruciating agony. About 3 o'clock there was a change, the eyes of the patient began to grow brighter, and his face, that had been white with pain, began to recover its usual ruddy hue. He gave a long, deep sigh of relief, and smiled faintly and said "I feel better now; thank God, I have pulled through." He then fell back upon the pillow as if exhausted. The doctor, who was watching his face for the extreme solicitude, saw the unerring signs of approaching collapse, and whispered to Mrs. McClellan: "I fear he is dying."

It was but too true. Gen. McClellan raised himself upon one hand, half opened his eyes, and fell back, dead.

Although no definite arrangements in regard to the funeral have been made, it is probable that the services will be held in the Madison Square Presbyterian church on Monday and that the interment will be at Trenton. The family has been deluged with messages of condolence from all parts of the country, and from Europe.

EXECUTIVE ORDERS.

The following executive order was issued Thursday:

The death of George B. McClellan, at one time the major general commanding of the armies of the United States, took place at an early hour this morning. As a mark of public respect to the memory of the distinguished soldier and citizen, whose military skill and civic virtues have shed lustre upon the history of his country, it is ordered by the President that the national flag be displayed at half mast upon all the buildings of the executive departments in this city until after his funeral shall have taken place.

DANIEL S. LAMONT, Private Secretary.

The following general order was issued from the war department:

With profound regret the secretary of war announces to the army the death of Gen. George B. McClellan, formerly major-general commanding the armies of the United States, which occurred at Orange, N. J., this morning. The name and fame of this distinguished soldier and citizen is known and honored throughout the Republic. As the organizer of the Army of the Potomac he made it capable of accomplishing great deeds. The lessons he gave it were never forgotten, and the spirit with which he animated it continued through all its eventful history. Subsequently, as its leader, he rendered great service to his country. His noble character, his unselfish devotion, and the duty be performed in the hour of peril, will cause his memory ever to be cherished with pride by the people of the United States. WM. C. ENDICOTT, Secretary of War.

TENDERED A MISSION.

It is definitely learned that Gen. McClellan came very near being made a member of Pres. Cleveland's cabinet, that he was tendered the Russian mission and declined it because of business engagement, and that within the past 24 hours the President had concluded to offer him an appointment as a member of the civil service commission.

NOTES.

Gen. Fitz John Porter says that though Gen. McClellan's personal recollections were burned, he succeeded in reproducing most of them, and that they will be published soon and that they will create a stir equal to that caused by the publication of Mr. Depew's letter on the Grant-Johnson matter.

Major Joseph Kirkland, of Chicago, who was a member of McClellan's staff at the time the latter was commander-in-chief of the army, said in an interview that he believed that if no change had been made in McClellan's plans, he would have taken Richmond in the first Peninsular campaign. "McClellan protested," he said, "against being recalled to Washington, and begged to be empowered to continue the attack on Richmond." Major Kirkland spoke in the warmest terms of McClellan's military genius, and referred repeatedly to the love his men bore him on account of his humanity, and solicitude as to their welfare.

THE LONDON PRESS.

The *Standard* says the death of Gen. McClellan removes another prominent figure of the civil war. He, however, was not fortunate. He had the ill-luck to be politically opposed to Pres. Lincoln and therefore did not receive the necessary support. Gen. McClellan's glory was short lived. Grant was certainly not such a master of the science of war. Long before the civil war McClellan was an experienced soldier. His soldiers loved him, and time has softened the hard things said against him. The article, taken as a whole, is most eulogistic.

The *Daily News* says: Gen. McClellan was a capable soldier, but he was scarcely equal to his opportunities. He might have left a great reputation if he had been called to the second place. He never aspired to first place.

THE FUNERAL MONDAY.

At 10 a. m., Monday, the body of Gen. McClellan was removed from the house of Mr. W. C. Prime, in East Twenty-third street, New York, to the Madison Square Presbyterian church, where the last formal services were performed by the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. Although the morning broke dark and gloomy, with occasional bursts of rain, yet hundreds of people gathered early in the neighborhood of the church and Mr. Prime's house.

Squads of police officers began to arrive early, and were placed in position to preserve order; 250 men were deployed in lines extending from Mr. Prime's house to the church, two blocks away, while other officers guarded the church doors and the passages leading to them. No one, not even the intimate friends of the family, were admitted within the doors of the Prime mansion, and only the family and the pall-bearers were present when reverently and with tender hand, the black cloth-covered casket upon which rested a sheaf of wheat and a few immortelles, was lifted and slowly borne to the street. On either hand were the pall-bearers, consisting of Gens. W. S. Hancock, Fitz-John Porter, W. B. Franklin, J. E. Johnston, Anson G. McCook, Martin T. McMahon, Hon. S. L. M. Barlow, W. C. Kelsey, Col. Edward H. Wright, Thatcher W. Adams, Wm. C. Prime, Hon. A. S. Hewitt, John T. Agnew and W. G. Schaap. Behind the pall-bearers followed Mrs. McClellan, Miss Mary McClellan and Max McClellan, Capt. Arthur McClellan, Gen. Marcy and the family servants.

In this order the cortege left the house, and was met outside by the state commandery of the Loyal Legion of the United States, and representatives of Meagher's Irish brigade, which served under Gen. McClellan. Both of these organizations preceded the body to Madison avenue, where, between open ranks, the funeral cortege passed into the church and up the aisle, where stood the officiating clergymen. The church was filled in every part, and prominent men were seen everywhere. Among them were Gov. Abbett, of New Jersey; ex-Gov. Ledlow, of New Jersey; Gen. Lloyd Aspinwell, Gen. C. P. Stone, Whitelaw Reid, Gen. Averill, Judge Shipman, Gens. Webb, Wilson, and Hamilton, John Jacob Astor and Gens. Shaler, Cochrane, Slocum, Banks, Carleton, Swayne, Graham and Wainwright. George Washington post, G. A. R., of which the deceased was a member, was also present.

The church was without decorations or emblems of mourning, save a few flowers at the altar. The services were of the simplest discription, not occupying half an hour. "Jesus, lover of my soul," and another hymn which Gen. McClellan had liked, were sung after which prayers were offered by the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, and the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians was read by the Rev. D. D. Whittaker. The final rites were conducted in the church without. When the services was over the pallbearers assistants placed the coffin on their shoulders and marched slowly down the main aisle to the door. The congregation remained standing until the pall-bearers and the members of the bereaved family had left the building.

Outside the church the streets were crowded with people, but the police maintained good order. The family and the delegation of neighbors from Orange and the committee of the Loyal Legion took carriages, and were driven to the Pennsylvania railroad depot, where a special train stood waiting to receive the party. The train steamed out of the depot for Trenton at noon, where the burial will take place. As the funeral procession moved from the church to the depot it was received with marked reverence by the people who hurried along the sidewalk. Hats were lifted, and many a tear fell from the eyes of veterans who once served under the dead general. The simplicity of the procession was noticeable. Nothing about it gave any indication whatever of the dead hero. There were no soldiers in line, no band of music, no draped colors. The funeral procession, so far as any outward display was concerned, might have been that of any well-to-do citizen.

The total imports of merchandise at the port of New York during the past week were valued at $5,429,419, exclusive of dry goods.

An epidemic of diphtheria has broken out at New Durham, N. J., and the schools there have been closed. Several deaths from the disease have occurred.

Richard